

5 cents (30¢ in Canada)

OCTOBER 1945

The American Mercury

DISCRIMINATION IN MEDICAL COLLEGES

Frank Kingdon

EVERYDAY LIFE IN GERMANY TODAY

Lewis F. Gittler

SLEEP AND SLEEPING PILLS

Theodore G. Klumpp, M.D.

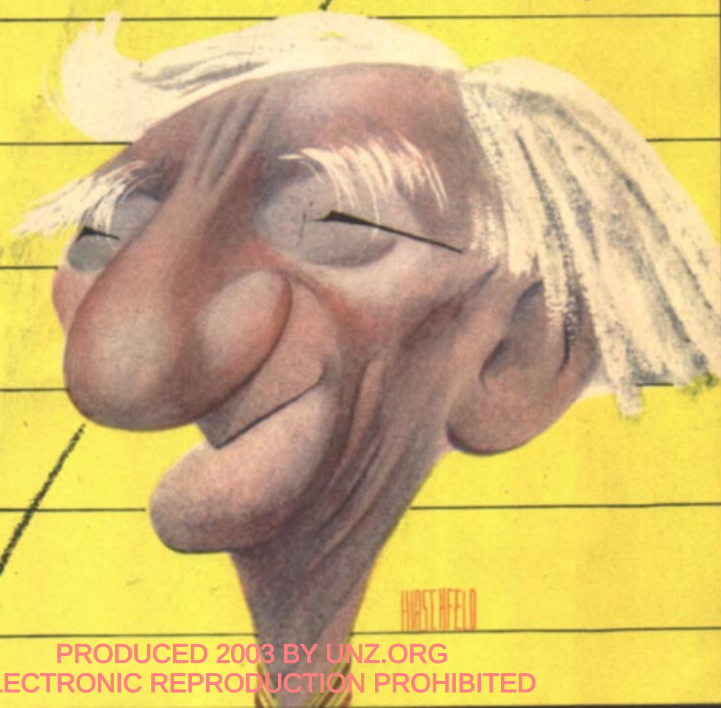
HOW EUROPE'S LOST ARE FOUND

F. R. Adlerstein

BRITAIN'S BEVERIDGE

by William Bayles

Page 421



HARVEST HILL

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outwitting the weather



How science copes with Old Man Weather is illustrated by these ideas and devices from General Electric laboratories.

How high are the clouds? A ceilometer measures this for airmen. How wet is the weather? A fungus farm in a G-E laboratory helps design military equipment to resist fungus in the world's wettest areas.

On this page are a few more examples of the way General Electric research and engineering are being devoted to this phase of human comfort and health. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



Cloudy but bright. When clouds darken the sky, lights come on in this schoolroom. No one has to remember; a General Electric automatic light control with an "electric eye" keeps constant watch on daylight, safeguards young eyes by turning on the lights whenever they are needed.



Cucumber magic. Vines in electrically heated soil (right) grew twice as tall, and bore one month earlier. The heating cable, developed by G-E engineers, is buried in the soil and thermostatically controlled. More than 15,000 commercial growers use G-E soil-heating cable.

Weather detective goes aloft in the small box suspended from the balloon. Some 12 miles up the balloon bursts, and the box is parachuted back to earth. On the way up, this electronic device, called the G-E Stratometer, gives a running commentary on the weather—temperature, humidity, air pressure—and sends this information back to earth by radio signals. The information gathered by the G-E Stratometer can be used to help predict the weather.

★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today news*, Monday through Friday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p. m. EWT, CBS.

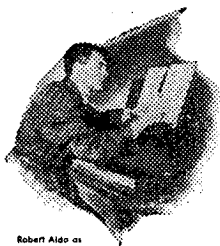
FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN WHO SET AMERICA TO

MUSIC



Robert Aldo as
George Gershwin

As a boy, he lived over a bakery shop in Brooklyn.

While the other kids were playing one-o'-cat and Red Rover, his mother made him stay inside and take piano lessons. (Twenty-five cents a lesson — cash!)

And when he played Mozart in ragtime, his teacher turned purple with rage.

But Mozart wouldn't have minded. Because he'd have heard, in that "ragging", the nervous, impudent rhythm of a city... the violent, cocksure cadence of a nation... the first whisper of a genius that would someday speak in rich, exuberant accents, and make the music of George Gershwin world-famous.

...

Out of the exciting life of this man... out of the wealth of best-loved music he wrote... we at Warner Bros. have fashioned a magnificent motion picture.

We think you'll enjoy **RHAPSODY IN BLUE** as you've enjoyed few entertainments in your lifetime.

We think, too, that **RHAPSODY IN BLUE** says something important about the democracy which gave Gershwin a chance to prove his genius... and that **RHAPSODY IN BLUE** is in the Warner tradition of "combining good picture-making with good citizenship."

WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Rhapsody in Blue
THE JUBILANT STORY OF GEORGE GERSHWIN

starring
ROBERT ALDO • JOAN LESLIE • ALEXIS SMITH • CHARLES COBURN • AL JOLSON • OSCAR LEVANT • PAUL WHITEMAN • GEORGE WHITE • HAZEL SCOTT • ANNE BROWN
Directed by IRVING RAPPER • Produced by JESSE L. LASKY • MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN • Original Story by Samie Lewis Screen Play by Howard Koch and Edna Pegg
Dances created and directed by LE ROY PRINZ • Orchestral arrangements by RAY HEINDORF

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
LXI

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
262

OCTOBER, 1945

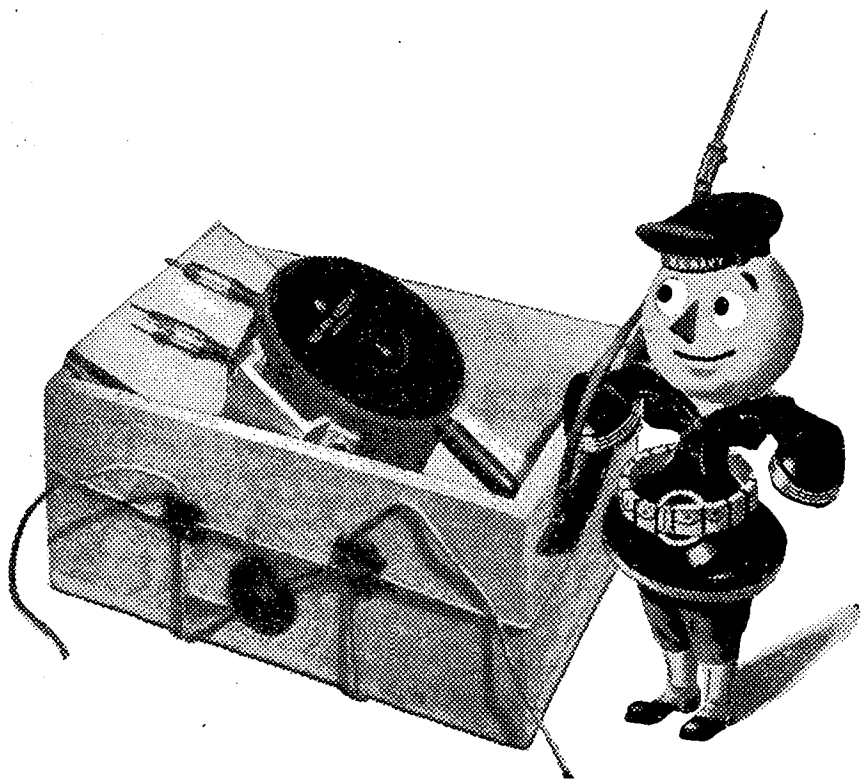
Discrimination in Medical Colleges	Frank Kingdon	391
Everyday Life in Germany Today	Lewis F. Gittler	400
The Facsimile Newspaper	Eugene Katz and Alan Barth	408
A Forgotten Worthy of '76	Stewart H. Holbrook	416
Britain's Beveridge	William Bayles	421
The Hitler Business: 1945-1995	Thomas F. O'Donnell	430
The Other Woman, <i>A Story</i>	David Cornel DeJong	437
What's Wrong With Alaska?	Roy Anderson	441
The Life of a Soviet Official Abroad	Victor Kravchenko	450
Sleep and Sleeping Pills	Theodore G. Klumpp, M.D.	457
Black Magic in the Virgin Islands	Wenzell Brown	463
The Theatre's All-Time Hit	Joe Laurie, Jr.	469
DOWN TO EARTH:		
<i>House-Flies</i>	Alan Devoe	473
Murder Without Malice	Joseph Fulling Fishman and Vee Perlman	478
How Europe's Lost Are Found	F. R. Adlerstein	485
Joe Howard: The Ageless Minstrel	John Richmond	492
POETRY:		
<i>Portrait</i>	Marion Doyle	497
<i>The Ballad of New York, New York</i>	Christopher Morley	446
<i>Resurrection</i>	Nancy Telfair	477
<i>Autumn Wife</i>	Ethel Barnett de Vito	484
THE LIBRARY:		
<i>The Pilgrim Fathers and Democracy</i>	Charles Angoff	499
CHECK LIST		508
OPEN FORUM		504

COVER (Sir William Beveridge) by Hirschfeld

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1945 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries

participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor and Publisher*
 Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor*; Margaret R. Weiss, *Assistant Editor*; J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*;
 Richard E. Decker, *Newsstand Manager*; Elizabeth Pinkston, *Promotion Manager*



IT HELPED SINK SIX JAPANESE WARSHIPS

A little over a year ago we told you how a secret device had helped win a great battle. The device came back from the wars, was sealed in a box, and placed in the vaults at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

We couldn't tell you the full story then for security reasons, but now we can open the box and let you know what was inside. It was a magnetron, a kind of electronic tube, installed and operated in Radar equipment on the famous U. S. S. Boise.

The Radar was used in night action off Savo Island in the Solomon Island group on October 11-12, 1942. During the engagement, six Japanese warships were sent to the bottom.

Long before Pearl Harbor the Government asked Bell Telephone Laboratories to put its wide experience and knowledge of electronics to work in perfecting Radar as a military instrument. Through Western Electric Company, its manufacturing branch, the Bell System became the largest source of Radar for our fighting forces.

This is not surprising for Radar development and production stem from the same roots that produced and continue to nourish this country's telephone system.

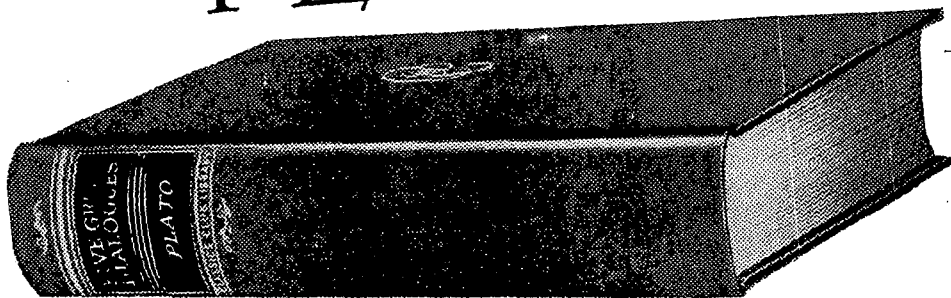
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Walter F. Black, president of The Classics Club.
invites you to accept **Free** AS A TRIAL-
MEMBERSHIP GIFT

This Beautifully Bound, Superbly Decorated Edition of

PLATO



SUPPOSE an expert on the world's greatest reading were to visit your home. No matter how much or how little education you may have had, you would listen enthralled as your famous guest spoke glowingly of the greatest books of all time, what warm friends you can make of them, and how they can help anyone attain a fuller, richer life.

At the request of The Classics Club, four authorities formed themselves into a Selection Committee to choose the masterpieces which offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today. They agreed that every book selected must receive the unanimous vote of all four members of the Committee. And The Classics Club now presents these great books to you.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A TRUE "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. In its vitality of

inspiration it can arouse a new freshness of viewpoint and a new breadth of understanding so necessary in times of great historical significance like these.

Perhaps you have often wondered how these truly great books "got that way." First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read, and they would not have been read unless they were interesting. And of course, to be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: readability, interest, simplicity.

It is not necessary to have a "higher education" to appreciate these books; and, after you read and know them, you will have acquired a broader and more liberal education than most of your business and personal acquaintances. You will have lost any personal concern about an "inferiority complex" and any fear about not being the equal of others whose formal education is greater than your own.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs in these three ways: 1. Its sole purpose is to distribute to its own members the world's great classics at low prices. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its vol-

umes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — beautifully bound in fine buckram, the same material ordinarily found in \$5.00 and \$10.00 bindings. They are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre, and have tinted page tops — books which you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership in The Classics Club. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish.

As a Trial Member, you need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money need be paid in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. Therefore, in order to assure yourself the present low price — as well as to receive your free copy of PLATO — we suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Walter J. Black, President

THE CLASSICS CLUB

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

EEJ

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, The Classics Club Edition of PLATO, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$1.89, plus a few cents postage. Books shipped in U.S.A. only.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____
(if any) State _____

He made a New York delicatessen famous the world over



Early in the 1900s Richard Hellmann closed his little delicatessen in New York and started manufacturing mayonnaise from his wife's recipe.

The quality of Hellmann's mayonnaise, and the national advertising that backed it up, made it one of the most trusted, most wanted brands in the country. People demanded it, bought more and more of it, paid less and less for it.

Brand advertising consistently saves your household money. National advertising dropped quality soups from 25¢ to 10¢ per can. Bathing suits once averaged \$25—now, \$4.95. In fourteen years, electric refrigerator prices slid from \$310 to \$130—electric washing machines from \$154 to \$69. Gasoline costs 40% less than in 1925. Would you like to get along without brand-advertised products?

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.
WORLD'S LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF MONTHLY MAGAZINES

It Happened to PHILCO
\$167.50 in 1928—but \$9.95 in 1941

Brand advertising helps lower prices

CONDENSED FROM NEW SERIES SPONSORED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC., 295 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

The American MERCURY

DISCRIMINATION IN MEDICAL COLLEGES

BY FRANK KINGDON

LEO, a bright and personable American lad, dreamed of becoming a great physician. He was the kind of boy who could expect to go far in any field, and assuredly there are easier ways of achieving success than the grueling study and practice of medicine. But Leo did not think of his ambition in economic terms. He thought of it as a life-long dedication to the vocation of human healing.

After graduating from Thomas Jefferson High School in New York City, he took his pre-medical course at the University of Ohio, and made an excellent scholastic record. In college, he became a member of the Student Council and the debating team, and also distinguished himself as a star track man. Upon graduation,

he filed his first application for admission to a medical school and, in view of his record, he was confident of being accepted.

But his application was mysteriously turned down. He filed another, and another — at eighty-seven schools — always with the same heartbreaking result. Though the rebuffs piled up, Leo kept trying. That fall he took his M.A. degree at Yale, receiving top honors. One of the professors, impressed by his mind and personality, made a personal effort to enroll him in a medical school, but without success. Not one of the schools had the courage to inform Leo frankly that he was being excluded because he was a Jew.

Frustrated everywhere, Leo gave

FRANK KINGDON was a Methodist minister for twenty-two years and an influential member of several of the Methodist Conferences. He was formerly president of the University of Newark, and is the author of a number of books dealing with religious, educational and political affairs. Currently, he is a radio news analyst and commentator.

up his dream of becoming a doctor, and the American people in all likelihood lost the potential services of a very able one. In a scientific domain upon which depends the health of the nation, common sense would demand that strictly scientific criteria be applied in selecting personnel. Yet in Leo's case the criteria used had nothing to do with science.

His case, brought to light by a nationwide survey, unfortunately is not exceptional. It is typical, to the point of being commonplace, of systematic discrimination on racial and religious grounds enforced by virtually all medical schools in our country. The principal victims happen to be Jews, but the undemocratic system also strikes at other minority groups, particularly Catholics, Italians and Negroes.

While the science of medicine is making magnificent progress, prejudice on a voodoo-doctor level prevails in the choice of its future practitioners. The "wrong" name, church or ancestry too frequently cancels out scholarship, personality and natural talents in accrediting students to schools of medicine. Moreover, to the injury of exclusion for racial reasons, the schools add the insult of hypocrisy. Privately the medical deans acknowledge that they apply a "quota system" designed to keep out minority-group applicants. But not one of the seventy-eight Grade-A medical colleges in the United States and Canada interrogated by questionnaire would admit this in writing, except

the Southern schools which declared that they exclude Negroes. Even so, no school anywhere admitted that it uses the quota device to keep out other minority-group applicants.

II

The evidence of anti-Jewish discrimination is overwhelming. Although the annual applications for entrance by Jewish Americans has not declined, the number of Jewish students in medical schools has been reduced by roughly 50 per cent in the last twenty years. Out of a total of 6500 enrolled annually, only between 500 and 600 are now Jews. Even that figure is likely to be cut sharply if public opinion does not intervene quickly. The significance of the low figure emerges clearly when it is considered in relation to the number of Jewish boys seeking admission.

Every year, the survey disclosed, the medical colleges receive between 35,000 and 40,000 applications from about 14,000 individual students. Medical officials estimate that from 35 to 50 per cent of the applicants — that is, from 5000 to 7000 — are Jewish. Of the non-Jewish students, some 6000 are admitted; of the Jewish applicants, only about 500 get in. In other words, three out of every four non-Jewish students are accepted, while only one out of every thirteen Jewish students is given the chance to enter a medical school. These ratios do not have the slightest relation to mental equipment, natural aptitudes

and other rational, scientific standards of selection. By those standards alone, the Jewish applicants could reasonably be expected to rate the same proportion of admissions as the rest of the applicants.

During the last decade, the total student body in the medical colleges has remained fairly constant, between 21,000 and 22,000. The number of doctors needed in the country, and hence the size of the student body, is estimated by the Association of American Medical Colleges. But while the total number of students has remained the same, or even increased slightly, the number of Jews among them has declined rapidly — this despite an increase of Jewish applicants. Slow at first, the decline has become precipitate in recent years. The class of 1937 included 794 Jewish students, the class of 1940 only 477 — a 40 per cent drop in three years!

Scholarship, of course, is not the only requirement of a competent doctor. Character, personality traits, emotional balance and integrity are vital considerations which the colleges seek to explore through oral interviews. Increasingly, however, this screening has been misused as a device for weeding out Jews, Catholics and other "undesirables," many of whom match or even surpass successful candidates for admission on the essential character standards.

To make matters worse, the war and postwar conditions have closed off access to foreign medical colleges, which in the past absorbed many of

these unwanted Americans seeking to become physicians. Before the war, some 2000 of our boys were studying in medical schools in Scotland, Switzerland, France and other countries, a big percentage of them drawn from our minority groups. In addition, many of the so-called Grade B schools, to which Jewish and other victims of quota rules flocked out of necessity, have been closed down.

And while valuable human material for future medical contingents is cast aside recklessly for racial or religious reasons, alarms are being sounded in some quarters about a serious shortage of doctors in the near future. In a recent report issued jointly by the Office of Scientific Personnel and the American Council on Education, Dr. Victor Johnson, secretary of the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals, and Dr. Fred C. Japffe, secretary of the Association of American Medical Colleges, declared that today we have a shortage of 35,000 doctors and that we face a shortage of 19,000 doctors after demobilization.

III

The survey not only questioned the seventy-eight accepted medical schools but examined their entrance blanks, studied confidential reports and documents, and conferred with leading physicians, medical officials and laymen. This inquiry left no doubt that discrimination is not merely general but has been accepted and become entrenched. Educators

have ceased being astonished by the practice. "I've just taken it for granted," one college professor observed, "that the Jewish students in my classes would be unable to enter a medical school. We've become hardened to this and no longer fight it."

It is even becoming difficult for boys with obvious Jewish names and addresses in centers of Jewish population like New York City to obtain application blanks. One Jewish student was told by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University that it was "filled up until 1947" and is therefore "not taking any more applications." As an experiment, the boy's father asked a friend with a "good" name and "proper" address to write the same school. The answer came through quickly and said in effect that it was very happy to send him the application blank for admission to the medical school, and, indeed, would be pleased to consider

institution find it more and more difficult to obtain admission to medical schools. "Don't send your boy to City College if you want him to go into medicine," parents are now advised. Scholastically the college measures up to most other such schools; only racial prejudice and planned discrimination can explain the difficulties which CCNY men experience in seeking entrance into the medical schools of Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Dartmouth, Yale, Harvard and other first-class colleges.

An analysis of the actual figures for graduates of City College desiring a medical career reflects the whole sordid picture. Of 190 City College graduates applying to medical schools in 1925, 58.4 per cent were accepted. By 1941, the last prewar year, only 20 per cent of the 115 applying were accepted. The rate of admission has gone down steadily since then. But here is the comparative table for CCNY:

<i>Year</i>	<i>No. of Applicants</i>	<i>Total Percentage Admitted</i>
1925.....	190	58.4
1927.....	205	53
1929.....	238	29
1932.....	279	24
1936.....	189	16
1939.....	122	15
1942.....	139	16
1943.....	139	15

him for the coming term.

Because the students of the College of the City of New York are preponderantly Jewish, graduates of that

The same general trend — an ever smaller percentage of admissions — is evident for Brooklyn College, Queens College and other institutions that

have a large percentage of Jewish, Italian and other minority-group students.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University shows a typical picture of the same trend viewed from the angle of the medical school. The enrollment of Jewish students here dropped from 46.92 per cent in 1920 to 6.4 per cent in 1940. Here is the statistical table for the two decades at Columbia:

<i>Year of Admission</i>	<i>Enrollment</i>	<i>Total No. Admitted</i>	<i>Total % Admitted</i>
1920.....	98	46	46.92
1923.....	103	26	25.22
1928.....	112	23	20.24
1934.....	91	13	14.17
1936.....	103	6	5.82
1938.....	95	4	4.20
1939.....	108	8	7.36
1940.....	124	8	6.40

At Long Island University,¹ the process of anti-Jewish discrimination has been somewhat slower but in the same general direction. The Jewish enrollment in its Medical College, constituting 42.24 per cent in 1932, declined to 26.50 per cent in 1935, to 19.38 per cent in 1938, to 14.14 per cent in 1940. At Syracuse University the percentage of Jews in the total of new enrollments dropped from 19.44 in 1936 to 6 in 1942; though in this period the size of the freshman class increased from 41 to 50, the number

of Jewish students among them decreased from 8 to 3.

At Cornell University, where 40 per cent of the entering medical class a quarter of a century ago were Jewish, today only 5 per cent of new admissions are Jewish. In 1941 Cornell enrolled only three Jewish students in a total class of eighty-four.

New York University, indeed, is one of the few, perhaps the last, of the major medical schools, where the

quota system is disregarded. From 40 to 50 per cent of its medical enrollment are Jewish. But it is no secret that the university has been under pressure to conform to the prevailing pattern of discrimination.

IV

Practically every medical college, the survey showed, asks the applicant for his race or religion or both. Some of them inquire whether the student has ever changed his name. The University of Southern California, under race and descent, requires the candidate to check whether he is Anglo-Saxon, French, Germanic, Italian,

¹ Figures for Columbia, Long Island and Cornell were obtained through private investigation. They are substantially correct although actual percentages may vary slightly from official records which are not available to the public.

Negro, Oriental, Scandinavian, Slavonic or Spanish. The University of Virginia Medical School asks the applicant to state whether he is "English, French, Hebrew, Italian, etc." Syracuse puts it this way: "In what denomination is your church preference?" The George Washington University, besides inquiring about race and religion, asks: "Have you ever registered at any school under a different name? If so, state it and name the institution."

Rejected in one place, students of the minority groups try others. Many of them spend up to \$200 in application fees, which are not returned. Nearly all schools require a fee; the \$5.00 charged by Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Minnesota, Georgetown and Nebraska is the average, but fees as high as \$10.00 are not unusual. In accepting and retaining fees from boys whose applications are automatically rejected on racial and religious grounds, many medical schools are in effect engaged in a profitable sideline. Boys desiring to become physicians who, in desperation, make multiple applications to forty or fifty colleges, obviously make a large financial investment before being convinced that the wall of discrimination is too high to be vaulted.

Sixty-five of the seventy-eight United States and Canadian medical schools listed as Grade A by the American Medical Association responded to the inquiry. The first question was direct and simple: "Do you have a quota system in regard to

minority groups such as: Catholics, Italian Americans, Negroes, Jews, any others?" Except in reference to Negroes, the answers were "No" without exception; seventeen of the colleges, all in the South, acknowledged a quota system for Negroes.

Having denied that they enforce a quota system, the schools, of course, did not specify what their quota percentages are. On questions seeking information as to the proportion of minority-group students admitted in a normal prewar year (1940), the majority denied exact knowledge or asserted that the information was "not available." Those that did supply figures indicated the 1940 enrollment percentages shown in the table on the opposite page.

The conclusion, in the light of all the other facts, is that medical schools actually do apply a quota system but they do not care to admit it in writing.

One more than likely explanation for this hush-hush policy is the practical consideration that quotas, indefensible on scientific or democratic grounds, may actually run counter to Constitutional guarantees nationally and to many State laws.

It should be recalled that these medical colleges are tax-exempt and in some cases supported by public funds. Whether directly helped financially from State budgets or not, the taxpayers everywhere contribute indirectly by exempting the institutions from taxes. Their obligation to treat all citizens on a basis of equality is

<i>School</i>	<i>Catholics</i>	<i>Italians</i>	<i>Negroes</i>	<i>Jews</i>
Yale University.....	14	4	4	12
Tufts College Medical School.....	50	10	0	15
University of Illinois.....	20	5	1.5	41.80
University of Rochester.....	13	2	.6	6.0
Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College.....	1.5	0	0	1.5
The Hahnemann Medical College.....	31	9	0	9
Western Reserve University.....	21	8	1	15.5
Creighton University.....	54	18	0	4
University of Buffalo.....	36.97	10.91	0	10.91
Women's Medical College of Penna.....	15	3	.9	31.0
Syracuse University College of Medicine	17.8	4.5	0	12.7
Queens University at Kingston.....	13.67	2.16	0	5.4
Georgetown University School of Medi- cine.....	85	19	0	8
Boston University.....	50	15	3	20
University of Virginia.....	3	1	0	10

therefore not only moral but in many instances legal. In New York, for example, Section 4 of the tax law says:

No education corporation or association that holds itself out to the public to be non-sectarian and exempt from taxation pursuant to the provisions of this section shall deny the use of its facilities to any person otherwise qualified, by reason of his race, color or religion.

In New York, and in other States with similar provisions, the tax-authorities should examine the validity of the tax-exemption enjoyed by some educational institutions.

V

The excuse for imposing a quota system usually advanced is that there ought to be some correlation between the number of physicians of any racial

or religious strain and the proportion of that race or religion in the general population. Since Jews constitute about 4 per cent of the American population, their share of places in the medical schools, it is argued, should conform to that percentage. Thus Dean Willard C. Rappleye, head of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, and an influential leader in medical education, has declared:

There is a general belief that the representation of the various social, religious and racial groups in medicine ought to be kept fairly parallel with the population makeup.

The same viewpoint is expressed, at least by implication, by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. On October 7, 1939, he wrote in a letter:

The case of the Jewish boys in medicine is particularly serious because they have overwhelmed the schools, and many schools turned them down simply because they are Jewish. There is no way to prove this, but it is obvious. At the same time, I wish to point out that somewhere between 15 and 20 per cent of the doctors in this country in the practice of medicine are Jewish and there is about 3.5 per cent of the population in the same category.

The surface logic of this arithmetic collapses as soon as one subjects it to democratic or sheerly human, let alone scientific, tests. It assumes, to begin with, that our population consists not of Americans but of a vast number of racial and religious segments, each entitled to legal and human rights only in direct proportion to its size. It assumes absurdly, moreover, that Italian doctors should cure only Italians, Jewish doctors should cure only Jews; that the contribution of every social or racial element in the population to the progress of medical science should be limited through a racist bookkeeping.

The appropriate comment on this spurious and un-American arithmetic should be made by some Christian whose life has been saved by a Jewish doctor or vice versa; it should be made by non-Jews who have benefited from the discoveries of Paul Ehrlich, August von Wassermann, Otto Warburg, Waldemar Haffkine, Reuben L. Kahn, Abraham J. Rongy and other giants of modern medicine who happened to be Jews. We need only apply the same fantastic arithmetic to any department of American life to re-

alize how ludicrous, anti-democratic and wasteful it would be; how it might drain every department of those very people most eager and most able to make the greatest contribution.

A list of some of the medical schools which have a rigid quota system, denied in words but applied in fact, would include the following:

Yale University School of Medicine
 Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine
 Harvard University Medical School
 Dartmouth College Medical School
 Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons
 Cornell University Medical College
 University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry
 Duke University School of Medicine
 Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College, N. C.
 University of Virginia Department of Medicine
 Northwestern University School of Medicine
 Syracuse University College of Medicine
 Baylor University College of Medicine

Some of the schools that have a policy of discrimination but are less rigid in its application include:

University of Chicago Medical School
 University of Maryland School of Medicine
 Boston University School of Medicine
 Wayne University College of Medicine
 Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis, Mo.
 University of Cincinnati College of Medicine
 University of California School of Medicine
 Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia
 Temple University School of Medicine
 University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine

Major medical colleges that come closest to a non-quota policy are unhappily few. The Medical School of New York University and the University of Illinois School of Medicine are the most important examples. Those not included in any of the above lists are mostly State universities or sectional colleges in the South or Midwest. They operate, in effect, on a strict quota system, but theoretically it is based on geographic distribution rather than on race or religion.

The result is about the same: There are, for example, few if any Americans of Jewish or Italian origin in the Kansas University medical school, the medical schools of North or South Carolina, Utah or Texas.

Though some medical colleges may

deny the facts revealed by this study, no one close to the picture of medical education in the United States can or will deny its basic truth. Few self-respecting educators are so deficient in the faculty of simple logic as to deny that the situation is a startling and dangerous violation of the theory and practice of democracy. In sorting out Americans on the basis of race and creed, the quota system is openly divisive instead of unifying; it accepts racism at the very moment when Americans of every race, creed and color are fighting together to safeguard our democratic way of life.

There is no other reasonable, democratic answer to the questions posed by discrimination in medical education except to abolish it.



The American Ideal—

There are men who believe that democracy, as a form of government and a frame of life, is limited or measured by a kind of mystical or artificial fate—that, for some unexplained reasons, tyranny and slavery have become the surging wave of the future and that freedom is an ebbing tide. But we Americans know that this is not true . . .

We know it, because if we look below the surface, we sense it still spreading on every continent; for it is the most humane, the most advanced and in the end the most unconquerable of all forms of human society.

The democratic aspiration is no mere recent phase in human history. It is human history.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, *Third Inaugural Address*, 1941

EVERYDAY LIFE IN GERMANY TODAY

By LEWIS F. GITTLER

FOR several months it was my duty to roam the Anglo-French-American occupation zones in Germany, interviewing hundreds upon hundreds of Germans and reporting to Army authorities what they were doing and thinking — important information, of course, to our Military Government. My qualification for the job was that I lived in Germany for several years before the war; I know the country, its people and the language as well as I know my own.

It was not a cheerful assignment. Not only because of physical conditions, but also because of what I learned.

All the German cities I have seen look strikingly alike today. Each consists of a circular area of ruins — the heart of the town where public buildings, hotels, amusement places and the shops are rubble and ashes — ringed by a virtually undamaged perimeter of small factories, the great suburban housing developments of which the Nazis were so proud, and the pretentious villas of the well-to-do. It is hard to tell whether you are

in Munich or Hamburg, Cologne or Nuremberg.

It doesn't really matter; everywhere the pattern of living is the same — the same food rations, the same daily habits, the same mood of selfishness and apathy. The hard labor and sacrifice with which for years the Germans supported the Nazi régime and Hitler's war have disappeared completely. There is no national spirit, no community spirit, not even any neighborly spirit. Few Germans of any class are doing anything toward solving Germany's present problems. We try to frighten them into getting ready for the coming winter. We tell them they should go to work on the farms to grow more food, or help rebuild the railroads so coal can be brought in. They do dread the immediate future and they have a slogan, "Beat Next Winter." But all the German does is try by hook or crook to get his dwelling patched up and accumulate non-perishable food to hide in his cellar. His own cellar. And to hell with anybody else.

He is a disagreeable fellow, cringing

LEWIS F. GITTLER has studied political science at the Universities of Alabama, Chicago, Berlin, and Montpellier, France. As a field representative of the OWI, attached to the Psychological Warfare Branch of the Army, he has served as political observer for the First and Ninth Armies in Germany.

before his conquerors but viciously backbiting his neighbors — denouncing them to us if he thinks he can get some kind of reward. He tells us he hates Hitler, and he probably does — not because Hitler started the war, but because he did not win it.

Work of rebuilding could be started if the Germans were interested. The available labor pool is fairly large. Most cities, even after evacuations and air-raid casualties, have about half as many residents as ever, and hundreds more are returning weekly. The mayors and city councils, appointed by our Military Government, have been clothed with extensive powers to regulate wages and prices, plan reconstruction and allocate labor.

Wages are based by the city's Labor Bureau on the low cost of rations and fixed in consideration of depleted city treasuries. At present, they do not vary much from city to city. The lowest wage, for road labor, is 150 marks (\$15) a month. A mayor, at 500 marks (\$50) monthly, is in the top bracket.

Only the few who are utterly destitute will take reconstruction jobs, and the German officials, playing politics, do not want to alienate potential future supporters by forcing them to do the dirty labor that eventually must be done. The only men you see doing forced labor are Nazis expiating their party membership by sullenly cleaning up debris, and a number of prisoners of war whom the Allies released on condition that

they work in coal mines or on farms.

The few voluntary workers are railroad employees, handicraftsmen, artisans, a few mechanics and technicians. Most of them are at work for two reasons. One, they want to establish a franchise, so to speak, and then organize an exclusive, monopolistic union or guild. Second, members of several trades — such as carpenters, plumbers and tailors — are doing better than ever before in their lives. They are rapidly rising into the solid middle class. True, their wages are fixed by the city officials, but not many artisans will do a job without a valuable present — preferably in goods, not cash.

II

The bulk of the city population simply looks on, and spends the time bartering and scrounging. The German word is *organisieren* and it was developed into a high art during the war. That is one reason the cities look so dead; there are plenty of people in them, but they are not hustling about. The traffic consists of a procession of bicycles, hand-carts and baby buggies, loaded with scraps of wood and odds and ends of furniture, with the month's allowance of twenty-five pounds of coal, or with some object the owner hopes to barter for something he wants worse.

The poor have fashioned cozy homes in seemingly uninhabitable cellars and have patched up first floors in the inner city. Some have built

lean-to shacks in the outskirts. The utterly destitute live in wooden barracks or in the thick-walled air-raid shelters, massive modernistic fortresses which house a thousand or more people. Their children play in the shattered houses and rubble heaps, occasionally finding something of value — and sometimes getting blown up by a Wehrmacht mine. Schools are still disorganized. Few youth groups or organizations are allowed.

The wealthy, most of whom made big money under the Nazis, still have their suburban homes, complete with rabbit hutches, truck gardens and the most modern comforts. Most of these better-off Germans have had to shelter families evacuated from homes taken over as U. S. Army billets. They display considerable irritation if the refugees are not of their own "class" and "culture."

Most of the middle-class folk — white-collar employees, civil servants, skilled tradesmen and shopkeepers — stayed in the city during the bombings and managed to salvage two or three rooms of their apartments.

Typical of this middle-class "average" German is Josef Koelmann, a forty-seven-year-old foreman of Cologne. Koelmann is solidly-built, in good health and well-clothed. Once a harsh boss over 150 Belgian and Czech laborers in a steel plant, the air-raids seem to have cut him down to size.

Koelmann, who says he voted for but did not join the Nazi Party, leads an existence which may sound grim to Americans, but which has become al-

most normal to him. He showed me the shattered back rooms of his apartment near the Opernplatz. "At first," he said, "I was bitter over the bombings, then dazed as if it were not real. But I have lived so long with ruins I am resigned to them now."

He is hedged about by rules. Koelmann must stay within a ten-mile radius beyond the city line. If he visits a friend, he must hurry home before sunset curfew or stay overnight. He must always carry his identification card and a "permit to circulate." He cannot move to a new flat, nor drive a vehicle or horsecart. He has not attended a movie, concert or theatre for over a year. His only link with the outside world is the Allied-controlled weekly newspaper, and the radio, which transmits only Russian, British and American programs. Even so, Herr Koelmann bartered his best suit-jacket to get a radio.

Koelmann's landlord had not yet returned to Cologne, so the 60 marks (\$6) rent is paid monthly to the city, which holds it in trust for the owner. In his two-room apartment shared by his wife and two children the range-stove is the center of existence. It cooks all the food and provides such heat as there is. Koelmann supplements the meager coal ration by scrounging fuel in the ruins, or in the woods.

Electricity, gas and running water are luxuries that function sporadically. If he has neither electricity nor candles, Koelmann goes to bed as soon as it begins to grow dark.

Naturally, Koelmann imagines life is better elsewhere in the Reich. He hears the Russians give a pound of coffee to every Berliner, hears of an extra pound of meat allotted to Germans in Weimar, of cinemas and theatres going full blast in Munich. All these rumors, false of course, merely point up his self-pity and stubborn, unrealistic hopes of getting something without working for it.

Like his neighbors, Koelmann is hard-headed and self-centered. He worked twelve hours a day in a key job to support Hitler's war, but now he has little desire to work or help the community. Politics, future war-making, guilt over his substantial contribution to Germany's aggression, even his future career seem to be the farthest things from his mind. All that matters is to get more food jars lined up in his cellar and the coal stacked higher in his bin. At this kind of thing, he is cunning and indefatigable. He is a good hand at home repair. He knows all the tricks of barter, foraging and illegal marketing.

III

Most Germans have plenty of cash, the result of years of high war earnings and few expenditures. City dwellers received 5000 to 15,000 marks insurance from the Nazi state for bomb damage to their apartments, homes and shops. For years, too, they collected generous allotments, pensions and life-insurance benefits from their men in the army. Moreover, the

soldiers sent home a great deal of loot.

Herr Koelmann, for instance, has a cash balance of 15,000 marks (\$1500 at official exchange rates). His apartment and all the food rations for his family of four (at 30 marks each) amount to a maximum of 180 marks (\$18) for the entire month. All Germans in cities receive the same rations — bread, apples, potatoes, synthetic fats, synthetic eggs and pancake flour, synthetic "Hitler coffee," meat and butter for one meal a week, kohlrabi, turnips, cabbage and sugar, with an occasional portion of cheese and jam.

Every German must purchase his rations only from the one grocer, butcher or baker with whom he is registered. With pharmacies, banks and beauty parlors, these are the only businesses operating. Each food store must have at least 200 customers and must buy from a designated wholesaler. The wholesaler drives out to the farms to get his supplies with a horse-team or a wheezy motor truck that runs on coal or wood. Naturally many Germans are getting around these regulations.

Any German who wishes to open a factory, business or shop, or ply a skilled trade, must apply to the civil government for a license. This procedure is not without its graft and favoritism. A business begun now amounts to a monopoly and may be worth a good-sized fortune within several years.

Except for ration-buying, German money is practically worthless. Professional and amateur black market-

eers alike scoff at banknotes. What they want are goods that can be bartered, everyday things like umbrellas and fountain pens, raincoats, and sewing machines, tools and shoes, or luxuries like chocolate or liquor, genuine coffee or cigarettes. A German will do twelve hours of heavy labor for a package of cigarettes.

Those who have a stock of such durable goods and foodstuffs are the "rich men" in Germany today. It is surprising how many Germans can be classed in this "rich" category. Stop in any number of middle-class homes in one of the cities and you will find a well-stocked cellar. Every German had some sort of treasure-hideout, a cellar, backyard cave or country shack, where he stored his dearest possessions during the war years. He was able to save from damage most of his personal belongings — clothes, household goods, radio, bicycle, electrical equipment, jewelry, toys and tools. Much of these "riches" came from abroad, sent by German soldiers who either looted them or bought them up in France or Belgium with a handful of marks. This accounts for the fact that so many Germans look so well-dressed today and their houses so comfortably furnished.

In the cellar there are shelves of conserved meats, vegetables and fruits. One of the things I noticed in Herr Koelmann's cellar was a vat of several dozen opened eggs preserved in a chemical solution. These treasures, of course, are disappearing, but a great deal of hoarded food still remains.

IV

Most of this hoarding was begun at the time of the Normandy invasion. Those who saw the shadow of defeat gave up smoking and used their tobacco ration to barter durable foodstuffs out of nervous, bomb-weary neighbors. During the turbulent aftermath of bombings, half-destroyed homes were looted of their food reserves and clothes.

But the greatest stockpiling came with the capture of the city. During the first few days, Germans shamelessly plundered the warehouses, freight depots and evacuated villas and estates. I saw a 50-room modernized castle on the outskirts of Kassel stripped of its entire contents in two hours by a swarm of solid citizens wheeling carts and baby buggies.

Now the looters are able to join the ranks of the amateur black marketeers who never cease their bartering, roaming the city, putting ads in the local weeklies, scanning neighborhood bulletin boards, surreptitiously negotiating with American soldiers. A GI will gladly give three packs of cigarettes for a simple camera. Germans trade the three packs for a bottle of cognac, for which farmers are willing to give two pounds of meat.

Professional black marketeers act as agents; for their commission, they withhold one or two articles out of the goods exchanged. They rarely sell any of their stock for cash, and then only at thirty times the original price.

The "richest man" in Frankfurt

today is a black marketeer known simply as Friedl. He lives behind a building that has been completely laid waste. You go through a narrow footpath over and around the ruins, and suddenly there is a small house, perfectly preserved. Friedl has forty chickens penned up in his small yard and an automobile secreted behind a wall of wood and straw. In a small garage is an assortment of bicycle tires, window glass and baby carriage wheels.

Friedl, a sickly, shrewd, greedy man with a passion and talent for marketeering has been in the business five years. He lives alone; he sent his wife and two sons to Austria last winter. He was wary of our visit and scraped and bowed in deference. He served genuine tea, a variety of cakes and fine cheese in a large room bursting with "things." The house was as crammed as a pawnshop, with clocks, musical instruments, excess furniture, radios, suitcases, "junk" jewelry, bolts of cloth and yard-lengths of raw leather.

Hidden somewhere in his house, or beneath it ("not even the Gestapo could find it," he boasts) are 100 cartons of American cigarettes, quantities of concentrated coffee and a stock of hard chocolate bars. Friedl knows the punishment is severe for possession of U. S. Army material, and he is not letting any of it be seen. How he gets it is his own secret. About the only thing a GI or officer will pay dearly for is an accordion or a fine Leica camera, worth at least 10,000 marks in cash. The price in barter is

beginning to be stabilized at ten cartons of cigarettes, five pounds of canned butter, a flashlight and ten K rations.

Friedl is out all day in the city on his bicycle, looking up his regular list of 100 customers, no one of whom ever meets the other. He notes down in his "little black book" what each has to offer in barter. Then it is simply a matter of matching up clients and withholding his share of the exchange.

He is not interested in money; he has tens of thousands of marks in cash earned under the Nazis. Friedl will not even accept foreign currency; it is "too hot to handle." All foreign moneys have been called in by the Military Government, and most European countries have wiped out German holdings by issuing new banknotes.

"Besides," Friedl said, with the inevitable self-pity of all Germans, "we'll never be able to get out of Germany to use foreign money. It will rot while I go hungry."

Friedl is the last man in Germany who will go hungry.

V

Some occupations have taken on new significance. Tailors specialize in re-working old clothes into new suits and dresses. Lately they have been busy dyeing and re-styling Army and Nazi Party uniforms. Detective agencies have sprung up in several cities to trace missing persons and families split up during the war. An old trade—

rat extermination — is booming. The rat population has increased enormously because of hoarded foodstuffs piled up in the cellars and bodies lying under the ruins. In Aachen and Brunswick, rats have even raided the cemeteries.

The people who actually ran Germany's industry and commerce before and during the war — the most important people in Germany, perhaps — are idle and will remain so for a long time to come. They are the executives without offices, the industrialists and engineers without industries, chemists without laboratories, professors without a university, the higher civil servants, merchants, lawyers, accountants, students, actors, writers, promoters and scientists.

Some of them with an apparently "clean" record have found their way into city administrations. Others are cooking up ideas for "safe" non-war industries acceptable to the Allied authorities. Those who are tied to heavy industry, like research chemists and engineers, tend to believe the British or Russians will need their services. The merchants are stubborn in thinking they will rebuild their businesses, now destroyed and for which they received fortunes in damage insurance.

This idle "élite" warns Allied officers of the "chaos" that will come from giving freedom to the workingmen and insists that democracy is "un-German" and that "strong government" is essential in Germany. They deplore the "excesses" of Nazism, but

point out the "good aspects" of Hitler's system. A clash between Russia and the "Western Powers" is one of their brightest hopes.

A large number of men and women are employed by the Allied armies; Germans are eager to work for the Americans. Washwomen, office personnel, janitors, housemaids and auto mechanics can always pick up a few cigarettes or some genuine coffee besides their wages, and work under good conditions in heated installations.

The young women are studying English, and many of them are working for the Allies as typists and interpreters. They spend a great deal of time fashioning attractive clothes out of remnants and crowding the beauty salons, the busiest places in town. A good many are intent on effecting liaisons with Allied soldiers in order to get extra food and precious items like soap and matches.

The young people sometimes do some strange reasoning. Raised to respect might, they are awed and impressed by Allied power. Many have come to think democracy is perhaps a better way of life because "it wins wars."

If Germany ever produces another Nazi movement, it will probably originate in the rural areas. The people of the farms and villages were not bombed. They escaped most of the personal discomforts of war. They saw little of its horrors. They are prosperous, for they have been gouging city dwellers for years. They do not

have the city man's sense of defeat and they do not wear his licked look. They are bitter over Germany's "surrender" and the enemy occupation. They show this in every way they can. They are surly; they feign ignorance or stupidity when questioned; they give us wrong road directions; they tear down Allied proclamations. And now that their Polish and Russian slaves are gone, the farmers are not over-exerting themselves to feed hungry Germany. They are growing enough for themselves and for the

small-time local black market that they supply.

Thus Allied attempts to instill even a faint feeling of guilt into the German mind find slow response. Too many Germans are confident that despite our warnings we will pour provisions into their cities. One woman school teacher said to me with complete candor, "We are an American colony now. My husband says you will have to take care of us and that we will have the same kind of prosperity as in America."



PORTRAIT

BY MARION DOYLE

CONTENTEDLY she went about
The business she called living;
As punctual as the village clock,
Timed all things — even giving,
Till Life, in person, sought her out
And, in his uncouth way,
Moved self and baggage in unasked —
And disarranged her day:

Outraged — yet more than half afraid,
She but endures the forced romance,
And wails in every helpless ear
The tale of his impertinence.

THE FACSIMILE NEWSPAPER

BY EUGENE KATZ AND ALAN BARTH

THE New York *Times* published a special edition which appeared daily in San Francisco during the United Nations Conference. It was datelined, edited and assembled in New York, yet distributed in San Francisco while New Yorkers were lifting their copies of the regular edition off their doorsteps. A process familiar to most newspaper readers — wirephoto — enabled a picture of the *Times* as printed in New York to be wired to the West Coast where the image could be transferred to a plate and reprinted on the presses of a San Francisco paper.

What the *Times* did from New York to San Francisco by wire can be done by radio — not only point-to-point: from a specific transmitter to a specific receiver, but *broadcast*: sent to as many receivers as may be within the transmitter's range. And it can be done without a printing press at the receiving end, by transferring the image of the printed page directly to a roll of paper in a home receiving set. This process is called facsimile — a device for broadcasting printed or

pictorial material by means of a radio signal.

Facsimile promises an expansion in the newspaper field parallel to the expansion of radio by television. James L. Fly said of it last year when he was Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission: "The Commission is thoroughly convinced of the significance, importance and feasibility of facsimile operation."

To facsimile enthusiasts, this means that if you have a facsimile attachment on your radio, it will present you at breakfast with your morning paper in something like its present format, though probably reduced in size. What you will get, as did the delegates to the San Francisco Conference, will be an exact copy of printed pages prepared in the newspaper office. But it will be manufactured in your own receiving set from electronic impulses emitted by the sending station.

Since these same impulses will start and stop your home receiver, you need not be at home or awake to tend it. Your paper will come to you through snow or sleet, unrumpled by

EUGENE KATZ, who has been with OWI in Washington and London, is an advertising executive. ALAN BARTH, formerly with OWI, is now an editorial writer for the *Washington Post* and a frequent contributor to national magazines. An article by the same collaborators, "FM and Freedom of the Air," appeared in a recent issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wind, unsmearred by rain, undelayed by the vagaries of newsboys. You can have a copy, if you like, at your office or on a train or while traveling in the air. This is what the enthusiasts anticipate. But there are obstacles which merit some consideration.

Facsimile is not new. As early as 1928, radio channels were allocated by the FCC for the development of facsimile broadcasting and, in 1937, several broadcasting stations were authorized to use their frequencies for experimental facsimile transmission. One experimental facsimile station, WELD at Columbus, Ohio, completed 2500 broadcasts totaling 6000 hours before war restrictions on equipment terminated the experiment. As long ago as 1938, pictures were radioed by facsimile from the *Queen Mary* 2000 miles at sea to a receiver on Long Island.

Prewar transmission techniques were too slow for a popular news service, however, and great technical strides had to be made. During the war years, both the Army and the Navy have used facsimile extensively for rapid delivery of messages, maps and pictures. Today copy can be transmitted at the rate of 800 words per minute — a 70,000 word novel in an hour and a half. A 5 x 8 inch advertisement, diagram, cartoon or photograph can be broadcast in a minute's time. At this speed, reproduction of pictures is almost equal to good newspaper reproduction and can be made better if the speed is reduced. Color, too, may be added, though in many cases

only at considerable sacrifice of speed.

The modern facsimile receiver is about as big as a portable typewriter and can be operated as an attachment to a radio receiver or incorporated within a console model as a radio-facsimile combination, similar in size and alternation of operation to a radio-phonograph combination. Paper rolls are inserted which unwind as the machine operates and emerge in much the same way as paper comes out of a typewriter. Future models may have cutting and folding devices which will drop the finished tabloid-like facsimile newspaper into a rack ready to be picked up by the set owner. Receivers now cost about as much as a good typewriter. Before the war some were sold for as little as \$50.

II

Obviously, this presents a method of manufacture and distribution which, if adopted on a fairly wide scale, may revolutionize the newspaper publishing business. As such, it is likely to be resisted with vigor by many publishers who, as a class, are notoriously opposed to revolution in any form. Yet, facsimile is capable of effecting so great an economy in newspaper production that its eventual acceptance by publishers, once its feasibility has been demonstrated, seems a reasonable expectation.

Facsimile might cut in half the present cost of manufacturing and distributing a newspaper. There would be no need for rotary presses, fre-

quently costing as much as \$100,000, for stereotyping equipment, delivery trucks, postal payments, newsboys — perhaps not even for newsprint. Approximately half of a newspaper's employees are usually engaged in its mechanical and distributive departments. Network stations, whose product is delivered as the facsimile newspaper would be delivered — direct from transmitter to the home of the consumer — frequently make \$400,000 gross profit on an annual volume of \$1,000,000, employing a staff of only 80 to 100 persons. To gross about the same profit, a newspaper must have an annual volume of three or four million dollars and employ 700 to 1000 persons.

Very crudely, this comparison illustrates the economies facsimile would effect by applying electronics to a manufacturing process which has not changed in any essential respect since the invention of the rotary press by Hoe in 1846. Of course, these economies would apply exclusively to the distributing and manufacturing processes. The actual assembly of the contents of a newspaper — the gathering, assessment, writing and presentation of news, the typography and make-up of the paper and the solicitation of advertising — would remain largely unaffected by facsimile. The work of reporters, editors and compositors would be carried on substantially as in the past, save, perhaps, for adaptation to new deadline demands. Facsimile would not necessarily create a new kind of newspaper;

it would merely modernize the method of delivering a newspaper to its readers. But the shortcuts which it would introduce may profoundly alter the character of the American newspaper.

How the possessors of facsimile receivers are to be made to pay for newspapers delivered in this way, however, raises an obvious problem — the gravity of which will depend upon the eventual cost of producing the paper rolls which must be inserted in the facsimile set to receive the electronic imprint. There are several possible solutions.

Newspapers can be distributed free, as sound and television broadcasts are now distributed, depending for revenue exclusively on advertising. Plainly, this is a solution which, at least from the consumer's point of view, may have serious drawbacks by imposing upon the printed press the complete dependence upon advertising sponsorship that has proved an inhibiting influence in radio. To prevent this from happening, newspapers may choose to deliver only to keyed receivers — that is, to receivers constructed to receive only the signal of a particular newspaper transmitter. Such receivers could be sold or rented to subscribers for approximately the present newspaper subscription cost. Or, publishers might derive a certain portion of their revenue from selling to readers the blank receiving paper. More likely, however, advertisers would vie with one another to supply these rolls to readers *gratis* — since they constitute an advertising medium within an ad-

vertising medium which can carry an already printed marginal message or trademark.

Of course, there will be no profit in the distribution of newspapers by facsimile until facsimile receivers themselves are widely distributed among the American public. And the public, obviously, can have little incentive to buy receivers until programs are offered for reception. Thus, the development of "fax" as a publishing technique is plagued by the same dilemma that once plagued sound broadcasting and now besets the growth of FM and television. Undoubtedly it will be overcome, as it was in sound broadcasting, by the parallel growth of sending and receiving equipment. Pioneers, however, may be required to endure lean years of growth before the harvest is ready to be reaped.

Present indications are that both FM and television will come to maturity much more rapidly than facsimile. Both are now in a somewhat more advanced state technologically. And both have already evoked the interest of major enterprisers. The big money is now behind them; it has not yet come to the support of facsimile.

The chances are that facsimile will be used in newspaper publishing for point-to-point operation, as the *New York Times* used it at San Francisco, well before its acceptance as a broadcast medium. Newspapers will employ it to publish editions in satellite cities, for example, instead of sending copies by truck and train. This

would not be broadcast facsimile, to be sure, and it would not obviate the need for expensive printing plants; but it would permit a newspaper to publish simultaneously in half a dozen or more scattered cities with a single centralized news-gathering and editorial staff. The utility of such a system is especially apparent for publications of national or regional circulation.

The press has not — to quote one progressive young newspaper publisher, Nelson Poynter of the *St. Petersburg Times* — "showed mechanical improvement comparable to most other industries during the past twenty years. It has shied away from color, from new printing processes, new engraving techniques. Newsprint, its basic raw material, has not showed marked improvement. Bold technical imagination does not flourish in a dwindling industry." In time, however, it seems probable that publishers will be obliged to adopt facsimile as a means of delivery direct to the consumer, or else see themselves and their present distribution system pushed to the wall by newcomers in the publishing field — radio stations, for instance — who are prepared to take advantage of the economies inherent in electronic distribution.

Adoption of the new technique will, no doubt, be accelerated as more and more newspapers come to own radio stations through expansion of the broadcasting field by FM. Probably they will at first employ it as no more than an accessory to the conventional

method of distribution — a means of keeping competitors from cutting into their established circulation. By doing this, of course, they will create a demand for facsimile receivers. And, gradually, the new distributive system will supplant the old. If newspapers find they can't lick facsimile they will join it — as in the past ten years several hundred newspapers, confronted with radio competition, have purchased control of commercial broadcasting stations.

III

Once facsimile receivers come into the hands of the public on any considerable scale, their effect will be not only to alter the distribution methods of existing newspapers but also to infuse new blood into the publishing field. They will widen that field to the extent that costs of mechanical production and delivery decrease. The trend toward fewer and bigger newspapers may lose some of its present momentum.

Today there are fewer newspapers in the United States than there were in the 1920's. Newspapers have consolidated with each other to the point where competition is extinct in 85 per cent of the cities in which dailies are published. More than half of the country's total newspaper circulation is controlled by 112 papers, a mere 6 per cent of the whole number. In 40 out of the 93 American cities with populations of 100,000 or more, all the English language dailies are pub-

lished by a single company, without competition. The same situation prevails in 71 out of the 106 American cities with populations ranging from 50,000 to 100,000. And in cities under 50,000, there is virtually no competition at all.

If there has been limited competition among newspapers in the commercial sense, there has been even less in the realm of ideas. Minority points of view have found scant opportunity for expression in the newspaper press. As early as 1937 only 66 U. S. communities had a choice between local papers acknowledging different political allegiance. Marlen Pew, editor of the newspaper trade publication, *Editor & Publisher*, observed some years ago in commenting on the diminishing number of dailies: "The danger remains, however, that freedom for minority expression will be curtailed, especially in a period when political feelings tend toward extremes and when one extreme sees not only no good but positive harm in the beliefs of the other. The American system thrives best when ideas strike sparks and rub each other into usable shapes and sizes."

There is, of course, no physical limitation, as there has been in radio, upon the broadening of newspaper competition. Anyone has a right to start a newspaper anywhere he chooses in the United States. But the right is a somewhat academic one, in view of the cost entailed in the launching of any new publishing enterprise. Only millionaires need apply. The individual

in a typical city of 100,000 population, for example, who feels that the community would profit by the issuance of a competitive newspaper with broader news coverage or a different political slant, has to be willing to underwrite the new venture to the tune of half a million dollars. Even then, a long period of deficit financing must be prepared for, and the chances of eventual success against an entrenched publisher would be most unpromising.

But the prospective facsimile publisher would need no printing equipment more elaborate than a simple proof press and, of course, a radio channel on which to broadcast what he prints. With an investment of \$75,000 to \$100,000 he could have all the necessary facilities for operation; he would be in a position to broadcast sound as well as printed matter. Or, with an investment of no more than \$5000 to \$10,000 for scanning equipment — the microphone of facsimile broadcasting — he could lease a channel only for the time required each day to complete his facsimile broadcast, in much the same way as advertisers now buy radio time for programs which they sponsor.

Thanks to frequency modulation radio channels, formerly so limited as to permit the operation of fewer than 1000 broadcasting stations, are to be increased to permit construction of approximately 3500 new outlets. Under the FCC's recently announced radio allocation plan, all FM radio stations are to be available for facsimile trans-

mission when not engaged in sound broadcasting. This means that they could easily be devoted to transmitting morning newspapers from their sign-off time around midnight until their morning resumption of sound broadcasting — a period during which they are ordinarily idle. In addition to the numerous FM channels, the FCC has set aside a number of channels for the development of facsimile as a separate service to the public independent of sound broadcasting. Radio channels for facsimile transmission will be more than abundant for the foreseeable future.

Many of the FM radio stations planned for postwar construction will be inclined to enter the publishing field — that is, to supplement their sound broadcasts with facsimile service. This inclination is illustrated by the testimony of Mr. Logan Thompson, engineer for Federated Department Stores (Bloomingdale's in New York and stores in other cities) which has applied for FM stations in its store cities.

Mr. Thompson told the FCC: "The company has complete faith in the ability of facsimile transmission to prove itself a highly effective medium of mass communication. . . . We foresee considerable use of facsimile as an advertising medium which will be especially valuable insofar as it enables a permanent record to be made at the receiving end for reference and other uses too numerous to mention." FM stations will have most of the required distribution equipment but will have

to learn how to assemble news and features for visual presentation. Their early facsimile broadcasts may take the form of bulletins issued at intervals during the day, developing gradually into more complete presentation of news and entertainment.

Simultaneous transmission of sound and facsimile from a single FM transmitter, a process called multiplexing, has already been accomplished but has not yet obtained FCC approval for other than experimental use. Some mutual impairment of quality is now experienced when the two services are rendered together. As soon as multiplexing is perfected, however, FM stations will be able to broadcast facsimile at any time without interruption or curtailment of auditory programs.

A wide variety of feature and syndicate material is already available for the use of facsimile broadcasters. If facsimile newspapers become numerous, this material will be supplemented by news and picture services. Facsimile networks, similar to existing radio networks, might develop and supply to their local members complete daily "programs" of illustrated national and international news. Perhaps they would also supply their affiliates with national advertising copy. News, comic strips and commentary might even be "sponsored" by advertisers, as are radio programs.

In any event, if the cost of starting a daily newspaper can be cut roughly in half by facsimile distribution, it will be reasonable to expect an influx of

newcomers into the publishing field. It may be that we shall return again to something like the condition which prevailed in an earlier phase of American journalism, when newspapers were born easily and died easily — and when anyone with a modest printing plant and a message could become a newspaper publisher.

IV

The effect of expanded opportunity in the newspaper field should be to throw the emphasis of competition upon content instead of upon the possession of costly facilities. It seems a reasonable conjecture that if facsimile increases the number of newspapers, many will seek special classes of readers by focusing editorial attention upon special interests, attempting a stratified appeal similar to the one now existing in magazines.

If facsimile becomes prevalent as a method of newspaper distribution, the American press will obviously be forced into a new relationship to government. Publishers have traditionally fought government controls of any sort, maintaining that immunity from governmental regulation is an indispensable condition of press freedom. But since the radio channels which are the rights-of-way of the air — whether used for radio, television or facsimile — are available only to licensees approved by the Federal Communications Commission, newspaper publishers will be dependent for the first time upon a government

agency for access to their readers. And it is the responsibility of the FCC to grant these rights-of-way only to those who will use them in the public interest. Upon the FCC, therefore, will fall the difficult task of assigning equitably what will amount to licenses to publish — without permitting its necessary regulatory function to infringe upon editorial freedom.

American newspapers today have an excellence, both technical and editorial, which is pre-eminent throughout the world. They perform a daily miracle of accurate newsgathering, assortment and presentation. Nevertheless, in important respects they are deficient in their service to large groups of readers, particularly in communities which are served by only one newspaper. Significant developments are sometimes neglected because they do not fit into the conventional pattern of what is deemed newsworthy. Reflecting the point of view of publishers predominantly uniform in economic and political outlook, editorial policies, in particular, are frequently out of step with contemporary realities and trends of popular opinion.

Especially at the local level newspapers tend to be inadequate to community needs. Because so many of them

enjoy monopoly positions, small city newspapers take the easy way out of possible difficulties by eschewing active participation in controversial local issues. Persuasive editorial comment is concentrated more upon distant and relatively impersonal national and international issues. Vehement editorials on veteran rehabilitation, the uncompromising attitude of De Gaulle, or the troublesomeness of the Polish problem are a good deal more usual than on such urgent local questions as rezoning, juvenile delinquency, Negro housing or hometown labor-management relations. The effect is to inhibit public awareness in the very area where it is most needed if these problems are to be solved by local means.

Fresh voices are sure to shatter this silence. And if the community is interested in what they have to say, they will flourish. So will those existing newspapers which — their opportunity expanded by facsimile — bring a wider range of ideas and information to readers dissatisfied with their present fare. No doubt there will be a high mortality among facsimile newspapers. But the fittest will survive — and perhaps force a new fitness on the older enterprises in the field.



*I*F YOU put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.

— R. W. EMERSON

A FORGOTTEN WORTHY OF '76

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

FOLLOWING the war of the American Revolution many a good story, which for one reason or another, and often for no discernible reason at all, had been withheld during the contest, was at last given to the public. One such story, which created much interest and surprise when it was "released" in 1801, has been buried and forgotten for well over a century. It concerns what in olden times, when titles were written with stark directness, might have been called *The Story of Christopher Ludwick & The Hessian Soldiers*. It is a heart-warming story, proving also that there was once a Hessian who was as good an American as our country could boast.

When the political revolution of the American colonies broke out into fighting in 1775, Christopher Ludwick was a prosperous baker of Philadelphia. Born in Hesse-Darmstadt, which later became a part of Germany, he joined the Prussian army and served against the Turks, later became a baker aboard a British East Indiaman, and in 1753 visited Philadelphia. That city, he thought, would be a good place to go into business. He returned to London where he spent almost a year learning to make fine gingerbread and confectionery.

Sometime during the year following he returned to Philadelphia, bringing tools and equipment with him, and in Laetitia Court opened a bakeshop which in a short time had the reputation of being the finest in town, especially in the matter of gingerbreads and other dainty confections. Baker Ludwick was well liked by his fellow townsmen. He embraced the Whig cause, and was so ardent and trustworthy a patriot that in 1774 he was elected a member of the local Committee of Correspondence, by which euphemism the patriot groups carrying on subversive activities against the Crown were known. This was an important post. A bit later Ludwick was elected to the Philadelphia Committee of Safety, which amounted to being a local board of war.

Tall and erect, with what a contemporary described as a commanding presence, Ludwick quickly grew into a considerable influence with the revolutionaries. He was hot for Independence, and he was not, like a number of Philadelphia's alleged Whigs, merely a bag of wind. He meant business. When a collection was to be taken up at a meeting, for the purpose of buying arms for the local militia, Ludwick stood up to his full height

and in badly accented but perfectly plain English told the chairman that "although I am but a poor gingerbread maker, write me down for two hundred pounds." Ludwick was frugal enough as far as his own needs were concerned, but always openhanded in anything that concerned his adopted country.

In 1776 came an opportunity which Ludwick embraced with great courage and which made him assuredly one of the outstanding if unsung heroes of the period. This was the affair of the Hessians. In that year the Revolution was going badly. The British had taken Long Island, then moved into New York harbor. They drove the Americans out of Manhattan, then into New Jersey. On Staten Island, in the harbor, they had quartered several thousand of their mercenaries, mostly Hessians. Hearing of this, the Hesse-born Ludwick ruminated for several days over an idea that came to him while in a Committee of Safety meeting, and then went to General Washington with a proposal. "Let me," said he to the Commander-in-chief, "let me dress myself in the garb of a deserter from the Americans and go to the Hessian camp at New York. Let me talk to these men," he continued with enthusiasm, "and see if I cannot convince them they would be better off as good farmers in Pennsylvania than as cannon-fodder at a few pfennigs a day."

General Washington liked the plan. So, disguised in dirty Continental uniform, Ludwick somehow made his

way through the British lines, and prevailed on a ferryman to row him to Staten Island. He must have possessed great eloquence, as well as no little imagination, for the German-speaking soldiers soon began melting away. Speaking the language like one of themselves, Ludwick first called them fools for risking their lives so cheaply and to the profit of a crowned head; and criminals for fighting a nation that merely wanted its freedom.

II

This was a dangerous business, this business of Ludwick's, perhaps as dangerous a mission as any man had during the whole war. One whisper to a Hessian officer, one overheard word, and Ludwick would promptly have been strung higher than Nathan Hale. But he talked on, day after day, living and eating with the Germans in their quarters.

"Get out of here, ye clods," the gingerbread maker told them, "get out of here while there is yet time. Get over to the mainland. Then make your way to wonderful Pennsylvania, a heaven for Germans, where so many of our former countrymen already are prosperous and independent farmers and traders and merchants. Free land down there in Pennsylvania is to be had for the asking. Go get it. I will help you. Two Pennsylvania cabbages will serve to fill a bushel basket. The turnips there are truly enormous. The cows all give ten quarts of milk twice a day. You

will not be forced to support a king or a prince. You will not be sold into an army."

The poor Hessian varlets listened spellbound to their countryman. They talked among themselves. They asked Ludwick questions, for which he was never at a loss to answer. Then they began to slip away in the night, first a couple or so, then a dozen, then by the score. Ludwick remained and talked on. Doubtless he mixed facts with an imagination bordering on fantasy, picturing the affluence of German farmers in his wondrous Pennsylvania and their idyllic life. It was strong meat, and it fetched them. Within a few days Hessians were moving off the Island by the hundred, and Ludwick escaped with the last crew.

The exact number of desertions brought about by Ludwick's subversive one-man blitz isn't known. A nearly contemporary figure places it at "several hundreds." What is more, many and perhaps most of the deserters did go to Pennsylvania, where Ludwick took them in charge. They did settle there, then or a bit later. They did become prosperous farmers, just as their descendants are to this day. At the time of Ludwick's death in 1801, Dr. Benjamin Rush, who knew Ludwick well, wrote that the former soldiers of Staten Island were "now in comfortable freeholds or on valuable farms, with numerous descendants and they bless the name of Christopher Ludwick." Thus did the Pennsylvania "Dutch" colonies gain hundreds of new recruits, and the

Hessians no longer fired their muskets at good American soldiers. The mass-desertions which Ludwick engineered singlehanded, with no OWI or other propagandists to aid him, were a notable victory for the Americans.

More Hessian soldiers were captured by Washington's army at the battle of Trenton, and Ludwick came forth with another idea, which he formally presented to the Continental Congress. "Let us take these prisoners to Philadelphia," he told the Congress in full session, "and there show them our fine American churches. Let them see how our tradesmen eat good beef, drink out of silver cups every day, and ride out in chairs every afternoon; and then let us send them back to their countrymen (who are still fighting with the British) and they will soon run away, and come and settle and be as good Whigs as any of us."

Congress liked the idea and sent General Washington a letter asking him not to exchange the Hessians taken at Trenton. Washington already had seen what the persuasive Ludwick could do. He held the prisoners and put the provisioning and transportation of them into Ludwick's care. Ludwick led them first to Philadelphia, where he showed them all around the town, then took them into Birks, then into Lancaster and Hanover counties. Whether the indoctrinated Hessians were then sent back to their fellows, or whether they simply settled down on farms, is not clear. But it is known that then or later many of them did become farmers in the region.

III

Ludwick did not rest upon his reputation as a master of desertion tactics. In 1777 he was made Superintendent of Baking — Baker-General, he was usually called — to the entire Continental army. It was a monumental task that faced him. The quartermaster department, then run more or less by jobbers and contractors, had been operating in a highly inefficient and even scandalous manner. The bread was seldom good, generally very bad indeed. There was little coordination between the bakers and the fighting men. There was graft, which Congress had finally been driven not to stop but to recognize by stipulating that only 100 pounds of bread need be furnished for every 100 pounds of flour supplied the baker.

Baker-General Ludwick, now in command of all army baking, said that this graft, even though officially recognized and condoned, was wrong. It must and would be stopped. The proportion of bread to flour was out of order. For every 100 pounds of flour the ovens operated henceforth by Ludwick turned out 135 pounds of bread, good bread. He said he did not wish to enrich himself "out of my government." Nor did he. He often spent his own money to buy bricks and mortar and to pay small but continuous expenses for which Congress had made no provision. And at times, when Congress was unusually slow with cash, Ludwick even paid his bakers' wages out of his own pocket.

And everywhere he performed prodigious feats of organization and efficiency. Wrote an American army officer of the day: "There were no more complaints of the bad quality of the bread in the army, nor was there a moment in which the movements of the army, or any part of it, were delayed from the want of that necessary article of food." He gave the credit for this happy state of affairs solely to Baker-General Ludwick.

Indeed, the bread Ludwick's ovens produced was so good it may well have been a factor in the greatly improved morale of the Continental troops, apparent after the German gingerbread maker took charge of the bread issue.

Personally, Ludwick was much liked by both officers and men. His eccentric turns of thought and expression were often surprising; and, as one Continental officer reported, "his pleasant anecdotes, and above all the ardor and sincerity of his patriotism, made him welcome wherever he went." He was a notable favorite with General Washington, who addressed him as "Old Gentleman," and gave orders that the gallant baker-general was to be admitted to his quarters at any time, day or night — a privilege no general officer of the staff or line seems to have enjoyed. Washington and Ludwick were often closeted together, says an old account, for as much as two hours; and the General liked to drink toasts with him, always closing with a neat couplet: "Health and long life, to Christopher Ludwick and wife."

All true patriots had reason to wish their baker-general well. At one period, when to most Americans the treasury of the United States seemed not to exist, Ludwick was forced, in order to procure supplies from Americans who wanted cash in their hands before they sold their country flour, to sell one of his own houses and to use the money to keep the army fed. This was in addition to the large amounts of personal cash he had been expending "for my government" for several years.

The genial baker closed the war with an almost herculean effort, one that army bakers talked of until they died. On the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Washington asked Ludwick for 6000 extra pounds of bread with which to feed the British. It was a stupendous order for the equipment Ludwick had in the field, but with great vigor and much ingenuity Ludwick and his bakers met the order and supplied every loaf needed.

At the end of the war in 1785, General Washington gave a remarkable display of the high regard in which he held Christopher Ludwick. For his old baker-general he prepared and presented in person what amounted to a certificate of noble character and a citation for all-around patriotism and gallantry. It seems to have

been the only certificate of its kind that the Father of his Country ever issued.

Possibly this unique certificate was of some consolation to the aging baker when Congress repaid the hard cash he had expended — said to have been as much as £3500 — with paper currency of little value. The old man's plight after the war was hard. He returned to find his fine home stripped of all plate, every article of furniture and all wearing apparel. For the next few years he lived in poverty, yet managed in time, through great frugality and good management, to regain some of his property. During the terrible yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1797, he volunteered to bake bread for the poor of the city, and did so, going about bravely amid the death and desolation, working hard to feed his fellow citizens in "this period of awful distress."

With what money he had left he opened a free school for boys and girls of poor parents; and one of his last acts was to purchase the freedom of three African slaves. He died at Philadelphia on June 17, 1801, aged eighty years and nine months, leaving his estate to various charities, including the school he had founded. Here was an American patriot to rank with any of the Founding Fathers. Let us not forget Christopher Ludwick.



CLOSE alliances with despots are never safe for free states.

— DEMOSTHENES

BRITAIN'S BEVERIDGE

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

DETERMINED to preserve their war-won social advantages — low-priced restaurants, free milk and even orange juice for children, equal rationing for all, nurseries in the stately homes of the rich — the plain people of Britain took no chances with a Tory change of heart and voted in a Labor government. By a twist of fate that most Englishmen would call “extr’ord’n’ry,” the man who put Labor in the running by making Englishmen conscious of their social rights was not returned to Parliament. But no one knows better than Sir William Henry Beveridge that during most of the current century British governments facing economic crises have sooner or later called in Beveridge, and it requires no clairvoyance to foresee that the present Labor government will have to deal with not one, but several crises.

It has been said that three forces moulded the modern Englishman: the British Exchequer, Beveridge and the corner pub. The Exchequer kept him gaunt and resilient by always squeezing more taxes out of him than he could pay; the corner pub enabled

him to forget the Exchequer; and Beveridge, by fathering the labor exchanges and dole systems, paved the way from the Exchequer to the corner pub. The outside world knows too little about Britain’s professional plan-maker, her cornucopian economist-statistician who emerged one day from an Oxford chrysalis as a spindly prodigy and since then has hurried through the years, leaving his path prodigally strewn with plans and designs for improving our civilization. He has written ponderous economic treatises by the dozen, created massive social movements such as the British system of labor exchanges, produced war plans for two wars, erected statistical structures by the score and compiled anthologies on trivial subjects — notably women. He also invents children’s games.

Not content to rearrange the lives of his own countrymen, he took a jaunt into the Continental field after the last war. In a short time, he produced a peace plan for Austria which probably would have worked had the Austrians then been less politically and more economically minded.

WILLIAM BAYLES *has spent many years traveling throughout Europe. At present he is in London, serving as correspondent for several newspapers and magazines. He is the author of Caesars in Goosestep.*

He is one of the most ubiquitous men in London and in the span of a twelve-hour working-day manages to be in a surprising number of places. Watching him dodge in and out of taxicabs, scamper along Whitehall with wisps of white hair and arms flying, or bound up the steps of the Reform Club, an observer is reminded of a long-legged, pink-cheeked, eagle-beaked Yankee farmer.

He is always a little breathless. Even when he is presumably immobilized for a meal or interview, he gives the impression that his motor hasn't really stopped but is merely idling with the clutch still half-engaged. But his restless energy in no way detracts from his friendliness and earnest desire to help everyone.

"Delighted to see you," he burbles eagerly to a visiting economist or journalist who phones on August 1. "Come in, let's see, at 3:32 — no, make it 3:38 — on October 23."

He lives in the future, maintaining that yesterday is best forgotten and today is only interesting as a guide to tomorrow.

It is difficult to find an exact occupational or vocational classification large enough to hold Beveridge. He is not a mathematician, though numbers are the raw material with which he works; neither is he an economist in the strict sense, nor a philosopher or social scientist. Rather he is a kind of latter-day Erasmus regarding all knowledge as his realm and proceeding inductively from known facts to new truths. Attempting to charac-

terize him, a parliamentary colleague once said: "He is a Gargantua of figures. He gulps down a ton of statistics, retires to digest them, and the result is another plan."

One of his most staggering statistical monuments was erected as a diversion between government assignments. Compiling, reducing to a common denominator, and plotting wheat prices for the last 300 years in different parts of the world, he worked out a pattern for weather change which, meteorologists to the contrary, he claims can be used to determine the weather at any time in the future. He is an ardent defender of his weather forecasting chart. "I shall retire at seventy," he says, "and devote the rest of my life to proving that it is possible to foretell weather through statistical periodicity." Between eighty and one hundred, he plans to contemplate his chart of weather predictions; if it goes wrong, he vows he will commit suicide.

His flare for uneffacing personal publicity is matched perhaps only by that of Winston Churchill or Field Marshal Montgomery. The wick of his lamp is always well trimmed, and whatever he is momentarily engaged in immediately assumes epochal significance for mankind.

A great many of his assignments, it is true, have been of that type which would have cast a lesser man into complete obscurity. But in Beveridge's hands they invariably acquired an urgency and importance that could not go unappreciated for very long.

II

Like so many professional Englishmen, Beveridge is a Scotsman. He was born in Bengal, India, on March 5, 1879, the son of Henry Beveridge, a civil servant. A "Founder's Kin" scholarship, endowed by his maternal grandfather, enabled him to come to England for his schooling. From Charterhouse he went to Balliol College, Oxford, determined to become a mathematician and astronomer. "At the end of a year," he recalls, "I became convinced that I was no mathematician, and, less rightly, that there was nothing more to be discovered in astronomy." He switched to law and graduated in 1902 to become a law instructor at University College until a chance reading of *Condition of the People* turned his whole interest to social science.

His conversion was as complete as that of an early Christian saint, and he left Oxford to do settlement work in London's East End slums. For two years he was sub-warden of Toynbee Hall, the famous Whitechapel settlement house, meanwhile earning a living by writing articles on social conditions for the staunchly Conservative *Morning Post*. He still points with pride to the fact that the editor only once insisted on a change in an article. "What is more," he adds, "I never wrote a word I did not believe."

His public career is closely interlocked with Winston Churchill's. In 1908, Churchill, a stripling of thirty-four though already President of the

Board of Trade, found himself entangled in the thorny problem of unemployment and sought advice from those two veteran social workers, Sidney and Beatrice Webb. They recommended William Beveridge as "a young man with a brilliant future" who had "some notions of economics and a lot of ideas on social things."

Churchill rapped out an order to his secretary, "Send for that boy, Beveridge." When the angular youth of twenty-nine appeared, Churchill explained his dilemma and asked, "Can you give me a policy?" Not at all dismayed by a problem that had stumped governments, Beveridge went away to think and in a few weeks sent in a recommendation for the creation of a system of labor exchanges. The idea was violently opposed by the controlling groups, who saw in it another step toward socialization. But with Beveridge replenishing him nightly with statistical ammunition and cold facts, Churchill, for the moment a liberal, battled by day in the House until the bill was passed and Britain's Labor Exchanges were created. The two young Davids had slain a Goliath more formidable than either realized and had formed an attachment based on mutual respect that has remained ever since.

Beveridge became Director of Labor Exchanges and a fixture in the Board of Trade, where he remained until 1916. Then, as today, he believed, "You can't argue against figures," and his reports and plans were objects of wonder and often of ridicule in par-

liamentary circles because of their mathematical documentation.

With the approach of the first World War he divided his time between the Board of Trade and newly formed Ministry of Munitions. When the Ministry of Food became hopelessly bogged down in Britain's first attempt at food rationing, he was called in. In a few months he produced his famous "sliding scale" rationing plan which has now served successfully in two wars. He was more actively involved in the war planning than any except a very few key cabinet ministers.

Between times Beveridge, then a confirmed young bachelor who had already acquired the resolute untidiness in appearance that betokens freedom from feminine watchfulness, found leisure to publish *John and Irene — An Anthology of Thoughts on Women*. "It tells a lot about women," its author comments with a chuckle, "but you'll find nothing in it of the inner Beveridge." In 1916 he produced "Swish," a submarine war game — a fact which he emphasizes in his *Who's Who* biography.

III

Having seen the government safely through the war, he left it in 1919 to become Director of the London School of Economics. For his war work, the King decorated him with the title, Knight Commander of the Bath. When he went to the London School of Economics, it was a mediocre in-

stitution, slowly dying in the dead-end alley into which purblind Marxian Socialism had forced it. Sir William, who described himself as a "tepid liberal," announced his determination that "every student leaving the School shall have a knowledge of something besides the Gospel according to St. Marx." His blasphemy led to faculty resignations and newspaper attacks, but he persisted and in ten years made the London School of Economics one of the most productive institutions of its kind in the world. Scholars, particularly from America, flocked to the School, and it became the testing laboratory for new ideas.

The flame of his crusading zeal remained alight during the years of his sequestration in Whitehall. With the absence of government demands on his time he began to publish: *The Public Service in War and in Peace*, 1920; *Peace in Austria*, 1920; *Insurance for All*, 1924; *British Food Control*, 1929; *Causes and Cures for Unemployment*, 1931; *Tariffs*, 1931; *Changes in Family Life*, 1932; *Planning under Socialism*, 1936; *The Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee*, 1937; *Prices and Wages in England*, 1939; *Blockade and the Civilian Population*, 1939. He also became Senator of London University, a Member of the University Court, Member of the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry, Chairman of the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee, Chairman of the Arbitration Tribunal of the Coal Trade Conciliation Board, Chairman of the Sub-Committee of

Imperial Defence, Chairman of the Committee on Skilled Men in the Services and Chairman of the Committee on Fuel Rationing. As Chairman of the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee, he controls the expenditure of more hard cash than perhaps any other single Englishman — the \$536,000,000 from which insurance benefits are paid.

His political attitude, hitherto discreetly concealed or submerged under the pressure of government chores, emerged in his writings. He pronounced himself a liberal but also a staunch capitalist with a firm belief in private enterprise. Opposed to government planning, he maintained that "a planned society can end only in being authoritarian. . . . A state spending plan would give the state vast new powers and create a huge new bureaucracy." He expressed his conviction that unemployment and hardship could be alleviated under status quo but urged the establishment of a government Bureau of General Intelligence for Economic Problems — a kind of economic brain-trust to assist private enterprise. Confusion and lack of over-all knowledge were, he insisted, at the root of economic distress. In 1933 he even tried to persuade Roosevelt that enlightened private enterprise bolstered by state unemployment insurance was a better remedy than work relief.

In 1937 he left the London School of Economics to become Master of University College, Oxford — a post

that gave him greater freedom for extra-curricular activities. In the same year he joined the Committee for Imperial Defence and turned his attention to the home front. With his characteristic energy, he soon had the whole country talking home defense as he bombarded the press with articles and letters to editors urging "total mobilization." As usual, he was entirely right but several years ahead of developments.

IV

By 1940 war had cracked down on a Britain which, despite Beveridge, was still confused. The powerful service ministries were yanking key men and skilled workers out of essential industries and sending them off to drill with rifles; the food situation was in a muddle; and private enterprise had degenerated into a rowdy free-for-all for available raw materials.

This was the situation when Winston Churchill became Prime Minister. One of his first acts was to call in his friend, "Bill" Beveridge, and to set up the Churchill-Beveridge team that had worked so well twenty-five years before. The initial problem was food rationing, which was easily solved by getting Beveridge's plan for the last war out of the files. Then Churchill whisked Beveridge across to the Ministry of Labor and told him to produce a plan that would protect industry from the rapacious service ministries. In a matter of weeks his "filter system" of recruitment was in operation and

the war industries were safe. Fuel was another pressing problem, so Churchill pushed Beveridge into the Ministry of Fuel to devise a coal rationing plan.

Here for the first time the team met defeat. The tough vested interests that control Britain's mining industry marshalled all their strength. In a violent parliamentary tussle, they managed to defeat the fuel rationing plan. Among the arguments against the plan was one which maintained, "It is frivolous to prepare a fuel rationing scheme in a month." To which Sir William indignantly retorted, "This is the pace we have learned to work at for victory." But coal was not rationed and became Britain's biggest single headache of the war.

Meanwhile the Blitz was battering down London's Georgian façades and with them were crashing many long-established social concepts. The war was developing a social point of view that had little in common with the *laissez-faire* economics of the past. Sir William saw himself obliged either to abandon his old theories of no government interference with private enterprise or to be stuck with them. With customary agility and forthrightness he leaped on the bandwagon of the central planners. In a strident letter to the *Times* he demanded state control of all industries and vital services, and the scrapping of party government. With charming inconsistency, he cited the USSR as an example of successful state planning. He advised

Cabinet Members and Members of Parliament to "form a suicide club prepared to die politically that Britain and civilization may live."

In June 1941, Arthur Greenwood, head of a then purely nominal Ministry of Reconstruction, had a burden to unload and found the Beveridge shoulders momentarily unencumbered. He made him Chairman of an Inter-Departmental Committee on Social Insurance and Allied Services, assigning to him the task of investigating existing social insurance schemes and making recommendations.

The world soon became aware that Sir William was up to something new. In articles and letters he launched a campaign against what he termed "the evils of peace," and at well-timed intervals he dropped catchy slogans such as "Bread for everyone before cake for anybody." In December 1942, the Beveridge Plan was published — two volumes of it comprising over 200,000 words written originally in longhand by Sir William, who characteristically absolved the rest of his numerous committee of all responsibility for the report and signed it himself.

Its reception was overwhelming. In the words of a breathless BBC announcer, "It swept the war right off the front pages of London papers." The Laborites praised it as "the new Magna Charta of the working masses," and the Tories extolled it as "cheap insurance against the Red revolution." "A strong Beveridge" was the prescription for Britain's economic ills.

The Plan, described as "cradle to grave" by the *Times* and "womb to tomb" by the more sensual *Daily Mirror*, struck most Americans as a glorified poor law, providing a pittance for every contingency. Its unique feature is that it recognizes no maximum income limit; everyone pays and collects, regardless of means. Out of 600 pages of tables, charts and text, it boils down to this: Everyone, from industrial tycoons to charwomen, receives unemployment support at the rate of \$8 a week for man and wife or \$4.80 for single persons, and a retirement pension after sixty-five at the same rate. A flat sum of \$40 is paid to each marrying couple, \$16 for the birth of each child, \$1.60 a week maintenance for each child except the first, and \$80 for each adult funeral. A woman in employment receives a weekly sum of \$7.20 for thirteen weeks' maternity leave.

For these benefits, each male worker must pay 85 cents weekly, each female 70 cents, and the employer 65 and 50 cents respectively. This will not, of course, finance the project. Sir William estimates that the workers will pay roughly 25 per cent, the employers 20 per cent, and the government will stand the remaining 55 per cent. He calculates that for 1945 his scheme would cost in all \$2,788,000,000.

The impact of the Plan was so colossal that the government had to take steps to prevent itself from being avalanched into immediate acceptance. Its spokesman and the Conserv-

ative press went to lengths to explain to the people that, pending the government's own proposals, the Plan was merely an unofficial suggestion. A summary of the Plan prepared by Sir William himself and printed in many thousands of copies for distribution to the British forces was suddenly suppressed. Parliamentary queries produced the interesting information that the suppression order had come from Sir James Grigg, the War Minister.

It thus became clear that although Beveridge had won the first round, the government was coming back strong. Two years later, in September 1944, the Government White Paper on Social Insurance appeared — a somewhat watered-down Beveridge. Since then a few paragraphs of it have been debated in Parliament. The British worker was for the moment rescued from the danger of hasty benefits!

V

Having deposited his turbulent baby on the government doorstep, Sir William, now a spry bachelor of sixty-three, allowed himself a short breather and married Mrs. Janet Mair, whom he described to the press as "a Scottish woman and just about my own age." He had known her twenty-seven years, having met her during the last war when she was his collaborator in the Ministry of Food. They spent their honeymoon in Scotland, where Sir William confessed they took things

easy and devoted most of their time to reading government publications on land utilization.

Then the unpredictable Sir William, who had advised a generation of students to shun politics because "a social science worker cannot become a politician without losing his value as a scientific investigator and teacher," joined the Liberal Party and stood for Parliament. His constituency was the border district of Berwick, and interest was only lukewarm. Nevertheless, Sir William won, promptly resigning his Oxford appointment and moving into London's Mayfair.

With the House of Commons as his convenient platform, Sir William became somewhat of a gadfly buzzing around the head of government. At times he appeared to play a cat-and-mouse game with it, waiting for a Minister to introduce a bill and then taunting him with a deluge of facts and figures until the Minister in confusion withdrew for further consultation with his experts. When the government, without benefit of Beveridge, produced its postwar employment plan, Sir William challenged it a few weeks later with a 160,000-word plan of his own, *Full Employment in a Free Society*. From the day of its publication, the government plan was a dead document and everyone was talking Beveridge.

Dismissing the government plan as "a public works policy and not a policy of full employment," he declared that the only way Britain can solve the postwar employment problem is for

the government to establish complete control over all private-enterprise and to augment it with state expenditure until the goal of full employment is reached.

Under his plan, a National Finance Minister would determine annually how much private industry could spend and how much more the state must spend to give everyone employment. The Minister would be aided by a National Investment Board with powers to control all public and private investment and to stop or reduce any private outlay deemed contrary to the public policy. A Ministry of National Development would control town and country planning, transport and housing, the main fields of state expenditure.

As an alternative to the compulsory direction of labor, Sir William proposes compulsion for industrial groups in fixing the location of their enterprises. "And if," he warns, "it should be shown by experience or by argument that abolition of private property in the means of production is necessary for full employment, this abolition would have to be undertaken." This almost completely totalitarian system of control need not, Sir William argues, necessarily interfere with individual freedom, provided that everyone exhibits a sufficient sense of responsibility not to want to do what the state wouldn't allow.

If his proposal of social security gifts for everyone made him a popular Beveridge, his state control of em-

ployment plan turned it all to bitter gall. A poll taken by the *Daily Express* Centre of Public Opinion on the question, "Are you in favor, or not, of the government's controlling and directing labor in peace time?" revealed that 83 per cent of the people were not. A second question, "If, after the war, the Government makes itself responsible for seeing that people get jobs, do you think that it should have the right to direct people through the Labor Exchanges?" resulted in "No" from 49 per cent.

Sir William might have launched a crusade to convince the nation that security is preferable to liberty, or he might have consoled himself with the statement often attributed to Winston Churchill, "Only an idiot thinks the people know what is best for them." He did neither. With the Conservative Party already in the midst of its campaign for the abolition of wartime

restrictions and return to private enterprise, he discreetly abandoned his stand for centralized control and with a spate of publicity joined the world peace planners. The result was another volume, *The Price of Peace*, in which a hop-skip-and-jump excursion through history leads Sir William to the conclusion that the only way to prevent war is to establish the rule of law among nations with the force to back it up.

Today Laborites who curried votes by promising parts of Beveridge to their constituents are sitting in Whitehall. It is safe to bet that the ideas of the man brought to the limelight by Churchill will form the working platform of Labor. It is certain that the plain people of Britain expect from their Labor government something a great deal closer to the true Beveridge than the watered-down version offered by the Conservatives.



ANIMALS have these advantages over man: they never hear the clock strike, they die without any idea of death, they have no theologians to instruct them, their last moments are not disturbed by unwelcome and unpleasant ceremonies, their funerals cost them nothing, and no one starts lawsuits over their wills.

— VOLTAIRE

IF I AM to have a master, let me have a severe one. I shall then be constantly disposed to take the first fair opportunity of ridding myself of his tyranny.

— SAMUEL ADAMS

THE HITLER BUSINESS: 1945-1995

BY THOMAS F. O'DONNELL

FORTY-SEVEN years ago — on August 18, 1948, to be exact — a conservative New York publisher timorously and without fanfare presented to America a thin volume entitled *Hitler Lives in Michigan*. Entirely unpublicized, and ignored by the critics, the book sold slowly but steadily. Within three months the entire first impression of 5000 copies had been sold and a second impression had been ordered. Early in November, when a few of the critics deigned to mention the book in their columns, their common reaction was most tellingly expressed by Harvey Caswell of the *Dispatch*, who wrote: "Hitler, this author claims in what appears to be all seriousness, is presently alive and well in Michigan, living the life of a hermit on the Upper Peninsula. And, we may suppose, enjoying nightly games of pinochle with Paul Bunyan, Virginia Dare, and that other popular wraith, the Ghost of Hamlet's Father." With such scornful words Caswell and a half-dozen of his concurring first-rate colleagues midwived the birth of an era.

By the middle of November the

second impression of *Hitler Lives in Michigan* was completely sold out, and the delighted publisher began to advertise the book in the accepted manner of the day. Rapidly as the book was going, however, sales did not reach their peak until the newspapers from coast to coast began to attack it violently as "fantastic," "ludicrous," "a travesty." "We sympathize with the great state of Michigan in this malignity," wrote one irate Eastern editorialist. "Let this author, who hides under the pseudonym of Horton J. Squandriff, come forth and reveal the source of his information. If he knows so much, why does he not help the Michigan constables who, at this very moment, are combing the forests of the Upper Peninsula in case there should be some truth in this ridiculous yarn? Let him come forth, we say!"

Horton J. Squandriff did not come forth — but the public came forth in greater numbers than ever, and *Hitler Lives in Michigan* had sold two hundred thousand copies before the constables finally gave up their search.

To us of 1995, the possibility that Adolf Hitler may have lived for a

THOMAS F. O'DONNELL is a graduate of Hamilton College where he served on the faculty in the English department for several years. At present he is an industrial engineer, working for one of the nation's largest radio corporations.

time in Michigan after his escape from Berlin is of less importance than the fact that *Hitler Lives in Michigan* was the first of all the "What-Really-Happened-to-Hitler" books. Poorly written, poorly documented as it was, this book is still as fascinating to students of Hitler as the early plays are to students of Shakespeare. Squandriff's thesis was purely hypothetical: by juggling a few deductions this way and that, he sought to prove that Hitler flew from Berlin to Greenland a week before the Russians entered the German capital; that from Greenland he made his way to Labrador in a small fishing boat; that eventually he crossed the border into the Peninsula, minus his left arm, which had been frozen during the trip, and which he himself had amputated successfully. Squandriff had few actual facts to support his theory, and there is some evidence that he may have originally planned and written the book as a lark. There was nothing funny, however, about the fortune it brought its author, whoever he was (the publisher steadfastly refused to reveal Squandriff's true identity on the grounds of professional ethics). Nor was there anything funny about the effect the book had on literature and the arts during the next four decades.

On June 17 of this year, young Terhune Mackley-Jackson — a hitherto unknown technical writer — was initiated as a full-fledged member of the AWAWOSAH (Association of Writers and Actors Who Owe their Success to Adolf Hitler) at the twenty-eighth

annual meeting of the organization. In his welcoming speech, the great Alistair Rigby himself paid tribute to the young author, calling Mackley-Jackson's recently published *The Resurrection of Adolf Hitler* (Haphazard Hall, \$2.50), "the most important addition to Hitlerian literature and legend in seventeen years." Furthermore, Rigby, who founded the AWA-WOSAH as a prank back in 1964, presented Mackley-Jackson with a plaque commemorating the publication of his book, the five-hundredth "What-Really-Happened-To-Hitler" book to be published since the dictator's mysterious disappearance in 1945.

A member of an organization now numbering 864 members, Mackley-Jackson takes his place with other distinguished makers of Hitler lore: with McMurrough, who proved in 1970 that Hitler was the fourth cousin of Lizzie Borden; with Walmsley, who proved in 1973 that Hitler and Eva Braun were really the same person wearing male and female clothing on alternate days; with Perelstruss, who proved in 1980 that Hitler never existed at all. Mackley-Jackson's own contribution is far from insignificant. In his *Resurrection* he proves that Hitler, after escaping to Japan in a rocket plane, quarreled with the Japanese military on matters of strategy; that the angry Japanese set him adrift in the bomb-laden gondola of a paper balloon which weeks later landed harmlessly some thirty miles northwest of Boise, Idaho; that Hitler,

after wandering aimlessly through several states, was finally apprehended as a vagrant in Joplin, Missouri, where he was, by some freak accident, drafted into the United States Army under the name of Vladimir Rosenblatt; and finally, that in February 1946 he died in a Miami Army hospital of blood poisoning, after having cut his thumb severely while peeling potatoes.

So much for the two landmarks that mark the beginning and the end of the first half-century of the "Disappearance Tradition," as serious students have come to call it. But there are other landmarks. *Hitler Lives in Michigan* and *The Resurrection of Adolf Hitler* are, after all, only books — and even the briefest glance at the past fifty years will reveal that Hitler's mysterious "death" affected more than literature.

II

In June 1945, only a few weeks after the German radio's macabre announcement of Hitler's death, the late Professor Harry Jensen Benson wrote, in a letter to a colleague at Brown University:

The morning paper tells me that he [Hitler] shot himself and Eva Braun on the steps of the blazing Reichschancellery; the evening paper tells me that he escaped to Spain; the radio tells me that he took poison and died months ago; then each denies the others. The truth of it is, my dear McAllister, that we do not *know* what happened to him. Nor, I am convinced, shall we ever know. Even if he is

dead — and I seriously doubt that he is — it is entirely probable that his body will never be found and identified to the complete satisfaction of a world which is eager to bury him now, but which will be fully as eager to resurrect him in a few years. You realize, of course, what this means. It means that this unsatisfactory disappearance and "death" will give rise to a literature. The people will want to be entertained with stories of what *really* happened to him. I should not be surprised if it actually affected our art forms.

Much of Professor Benson's prediction was rash. Although the "unsatisfactory disappearance and death" of Hitler did give rise to a literary tradition, it did not seriously or permanently affect many of our art forms. The opera, for instance, went almost untouched. Georg von Steiner's *Hitlerdämmerung* (written and first presented in 1968), the best of the seven Hitlerian operas, enjoyed only moderate success, and is now seldom sung more than four or five times per season. Most of the ballet suites based on the disappearance theme were comparative failures. And even Lannheimer's magnificent *Symphony in A (Mein Kampf und Tod)* is generally considered by most critics to be inferior to much of Beethoven. Of all the portraits currently hanging in important galleries throughout the world, only Weatherstone's *The Vision of der Fuehrer* has universally been accepted as a masterpiece and compared favorably with such paintings as El Greco's *St. Martin and the Beggar*.

All in all, however, for a con-

temporary of the man whose post-humous future he was predicting, Professor Benson saw clearly. A recently completed survey of dramatic history of the past fifty years, for instance, reveals that Hitler's disappearance and "death" has inspired two generations of dramatists to write and produce the following:

- 46 full three-act legitimate dramas, written in eight different languages and presented, altogether, some 3440 times in at least twenty-eight different countries.
- 117 moving pictures (in seventy-seven of these the Disappearance was the main theme; in the remaining forty it was introduced more or less gratuitously).
- 1389 radio and television playlets, broadcast and telecast to a total of more than 600,000,000 people.

Such tabulation is not completely satisfactory; it does not tell, for instance, that only eight of the forty-six legitimate plays have actually become part of the world's dramatic literature to the extent that they are still staged with any degree of regularity. Nor does it tell that one of the plays (Drucken's greatest tragedy, *Adolf und Eva*) gave us the Montroses, founders of the most distinguished dramatic dynasty of the century.

Of the Hitlerian moving pictures, much has already been written. Only last year, for instance, six large American universities published doctoral dissertations analyzing from different aspects the effect of the Disappearance on the film industry. The most valu-

able of these was Helen Fairchild Munster's *Analysis of the Treatment of the Martyr Theme in One Hundred Disappearance Films* (Western University Press, \$4.00). Miss Munster's study reveals that the films have tended to cater to public opinion, rather than to shape it, as have the novels and the legitimate drama. All thirty-one of the Disappearance films produced between 1946 and 1957 presented Hitler as a melodramatic arch-fiend whose last years were characterized by private villainies and cruel murders of those who unwittingly had discovered his true identity. This approach was in accord with the popular feeling of the time. Starting in 1958, however, when it was obvious that the Sympathy Phase had begun, the films followed the popular trend by presenting the dictator in quite another light. Sixty-nine of the Disappearance films produced between 1958 and the present have treated Hitler with dignified sympathy and understanding. During those thirty-seven years almost a score of Disappearance films have won Annual Best Film Awards, and at least twenty-eight actors and actresses have been cited for distinguished performances as Hitler, Eva Braun, or other major characters in the Disappearance story. One of the actors so cited (not once, but many times) revealed in an interview only last month that during the past sixteen years he has acquired a fortune of \$9,000,000 by portraying Hitlerian rôles exclusively on the screen. That actor is Hilary Harmon, of

course, the current Award winner.

Neither radio nor television has been able to add substantially to the Disappearance canon, in spite of the almost fourteen hundred Disappearance playlets which have been broadcast and telecast during the past fifty years. Nevertheless, the air waves have made certain contributions. Who can forget the series of telecasts, in 1972, of Norman Ericsson's great epic poem, *Adolf Hitler's Body*, with the poet's own expressively sonorous voice narrating, a cast of seventy-five prominent artists providing the action, and the largest symphonic orchestra assembled up to that time furnishing the music? And who can forget the on-the-spot reporting of the events which followed the electrifying (but unfounded) announcement of a Philadelphia newspaper, in 1984, that the mummified body of Adolf Hitler had been uncovered by a farmer as he plowed a broccoli field near Audubon, New Jersey? In spite of their transitory appeal, however, neither these nor any of the hundreds of less memorable broadcasts and telecasts can actually be considered as original contributions to the Disappearance Tradition.

III

No chronicle of the first fifty years of the Disappearance Tradition would be complete without at least a brief mention of the Impostors who, between 1952 and 1963, attempted, with varying degrees of success, to foist

themselves upon a gullible world as "the real Adolf Hitler." Professor Benson prophesied that there would be a dozen; actually, there were only ten.

The first, subsequently identified as one Antoine Martin, a Parisian watchmaker transplanted to Pisa, was incontinently flung from the top of the Leaning Tower by an angry Italian mob one morning in June 1952, after having shouted his Hitlerian pretensions from a balcony overlooking a busy Pisa marketplace.

Most of Martin's successors, however, were not so unlucky. The first American Impostor, for instance, enjoyed a career of almost two months in 1956, and was revealed as a charlatan only when an observant young Cleveland reporter discovered and announced in his newspaper that the pretender had six toes on each foot, whereas Adolf Hitler was known to have only ten toes altogether. The cheat thereupon good-naturedly admitted that he was one Max Morgestern, a tailor, and retired to his western Ohio farm to write his memoirs, which he later sold for \$25,000.

Between 1956 and 1959 six more Impostors made their appearances: two in Turkey, two in the Irish Free State, and one each in Argentina and Spain. None of them, however, was able to present more than nebulous proof that he was actually Adolf Hitler, and the claim of each was ultimately rejected after little more than cursory investigation. It remained for the United States to

produce, in its second attempt, the one credible Impostor — the one person whose true identity has never been satisfactorily disproved, and who, certain authorities still believe, actually was Adolf Hitler.

He came out of the woods northwest of Chittenango, a small town in central New York, one afternoon in September 1961 — an emaciated old man with a ragged beard and dressed in forest-stained clothes. Picked up by a sympathetic motorist, he asked in heavily accented English to be driven to the nearest police station. Twenty minutes later, to an astonished State Police lieutenant, he announced himself to be the vanished German dictator and asked to be taken into custody. Within six hours he was in Washington, being questioned as intensively as his weakened condition would permit.

His story, as officially released a week later, was both extravagant and credible: too fantastic to be true, yet too detailed and sincere to be entirely false. He had escaped to Brussels, he told his inquisitors, only three days before the Russians entered Berlin: There, in a manner which he could not recall in detail, he acquired the uniform, insignia, and official papers of an American colonel. These, together with a bandaged jaw and a slight limp (the result of having thrown himself too heavily to the concrete floor of a bomb-shelter during an air-raid) gained him access to one of the many troop transports which were currently evacuating American wounded from the

European theatre. Feigning chronic sea-sickness and inability to converse because of a fractured jaw, he was able to complete the voyage to the United States without incident or exposure.

Once in New York Harbor, he found escape easy. After a few necessary deceptions, he disembarked with 4,000 others and disappeared in the city. Discarding both the uniform and the bandages, he immediately made his way north, toward an area in which many another refugee (the Lost Dauphin, Charles X of France, and Judge Crater, to name a few) is believed to have hidden his true identity — Frenchman's Island, a wooded, uninhabited patch of ground in Oneida Lake. There, for the next fifteen years, he lived in peaceful, but hungry obscurity. Seventy-two years old now, gaunt and shrunken from malnutrition, filled with remorse for his "mistakes," he was at last ready to be judged.

The manner in which the American public received the official announcement of "Adolf Hitler's surrender" is too well remembered to bear repetition here. As Roderick MacTavish pointed out in his excellent biography, *The Man Who Played Hitler*, the pretender could not have appeared at a time more favorable for Hitlerian chicanery. The Sympathy Phase, having started in 1958, was by now well under way. An angry public demanded the man's immediate liberation, and called for an end to further "persecution"; the resurrected "Hitler" was soon deluged with lucrative

offers and went up and down the land for almost three years, lecturing, writing, regaling and regretting.

But the end of the career of this "man who played Hitler" is even more memorable than the career itself. In February 1964, on the eve of his appearance before the United States Senate, he disappeared from the stage as quietly and as successfully as he had entered it. To MacTavish, his closest associate during these fabulous three years, he bequeathed a long, scathing letter in which he revealed himself as a fraud, explained with great exactness how he had planned this greatest hoax of all time, and berated the American public for being as credulous now as it was during the days of the Cardiff Giant.

His real name, he wrote, was Horace Spuyendecker, and his family had been American for eight generations. Determined to teach the world a lesson, he had made a hobby of Hitler, studying his mannerisms, imitating his voice and his handwriting, cultivating his tastes, reading his speeches over and over again. He came to know more about Hitler, he wrote, than anyone

who ever lived — not excluding Hitler himself. When he felt that he was ready, he retired to Frenchman's Island for three years (*not* fifteen), after which he descended upon the world. Now, he wrote in the last paragraph of the letter, "I am sick of the game. I'm retiring — with two million dollars in small bills which you fools were kind enough to contribute toward my old age. You needn't look for me. I tricked you all once, and I can do it again, in reverse!"

Outraged by this letter, a group of twelve eminent Hitlerian scholars almost immediately issued a public statement questioning Spuyendecker's integrity. "We refuse to be taken in by such a flimsy statement as this," they wrote. "This man proved beyond any doubt that he is Adolf Hitler — and no fantastic, obviously improvised tale like this can convince us otherwise."

But Spuyendecker, whoever he was, was never seen again. The Age of the Impostors was over. Though the books, the theories, the whole Hitler business will go on, it is regrettable that there will be no more Spuyendeckers to bring life to the game.



PUBLIC affairs ought to advance, and have a certain progress, neither too slow nor too quick. But the people have always too much action or too little. Sometimes, with 100,000 arms, they overturn everything; at other times, with 100,000 feet, they crawl like insects.

— C. L. DE MONTESQUIEU

THE OTHER WOMAN

A Story

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

THE bellhop had closed the door upon them, and they were alone in the room with their baggage at their feet, the cello set in a corner, the violin laid on the bed. They looked at the dull green color of the walls with two faded aquatints. It was all very depressing.

She was the first to snap out of it. "Anyway, it smells clean," she said, thrusting her arm through his, her fingers exploring until they found his open hand.

"Tired?" he asked, trying to light a cigarette with his free hand. Before she answered, however, they had gradually pivoted until they faced the large mirror in the bathroom door. In it, she, with her curly dark mop of short hair now touching his shoulder, bobbed her head in assent, and he, rubbing his jaw against her hair, smiled his wistful, commiserating smile at her reflection.

"Terribly tired," she sighed.

"Too tired to go down and eat now?" he asked, blotting out their

reflection with a puff of cigarette smoke.

"About ten minutes," she answered.

They had gone through this ritual of a semi-embrace in front of the mirror before; they seemed to need their reflections for strength of some sort. She always expected something exciting to come out of it — precisely what, she didn't know — but it never happened.

They turned from the mirror, and she left him to slump down in the one comfortable chair, kicking off one shoe, searching for a cigarette but not lighting it, starting to comb her hair instead, while she watched him.

He never failed. The procedure was always the same. He had already unlocked the square bag which contained the odds and ends. He plugged in the electric clock, then the tiny radio, after a quick perusal of the room had told him that the hotel supplied none. Then he unwrapped the three china porcelain horses, and extracted that gift set of too-fanciful-

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG, author and translator, was born in the Netherlands, received his early education in Michigan, and now lives in Rhode Island. He is the author of several novels, including *Light Sons and Dark*, *Day of the Trumpet* and *Benefit Street*, and his autobiography, *With a Dutch Accent*, was published by Harper last year.

for-use brushes, the onyx calendar and four or five books. Finally with that tender, fidgeting concern of his, he unpacked a small leather folder, setting it open upon two different studies of a moppet with blonde hair and sweetly pouting lips. "There," he said then, exactly as she had expected him to say it.

She didn't answer. She started combing her hair more languorously as if it were long and tangled, quite the opposite from what it was, while stubbornly she repeated to herself something he had once told her about his first wife: "She's a hellion for law and order. Everything's got to be clean, and in its right place, even before you can breathe, or eat, or make a generous gesture."

She looked at the two pictures of his son in the little folding frame on the desk, flanked by the books and the silently moving electric clock. Very soon now he'd shove the empty bag aside, and lift his face in gentle rebuke toward her, to hint, but never to command: "Now, darling, if we're going to eat, hadn't you better get started?"

But she was still giving him time to recall that for the first time in the more than ten months they had been married, he had forgotten to ask at the hotel desk if there was any mail awaiting him. The sudden, almost painful triumph that omission had suffused her with was evaporating fast. It had almost led her to expect a completely different initiation to this strange room, this new town, some-

thing heralding a strangely but beautifully broken rhythm.

He simply had forgotten the mail, that was all. Concerned over the unwieldy cello, and the unnecessary haste with which the bellhop had tripped off with the violin, he hadn't thought of the mail. She had given him nearly fifteen minutes to remember.

He straightened, and she saw the usual suggestion shaping in his face. Hastily she said: "Darling, you forgot to ask if there was any mail. Hadn't you better find out first? I'll get myself pretty in the meanwhile."

Puzzled, practically startled, he gazed at her. "Why, so I did," he cried. "I'll run right down, right now. I'll hurry."

II

She smiled wryly at his retreating back. Then she walked up to the boy's picture and lifted it, as if she felt compelled to examine it more closely, perhaps for something she had missed before. Quietly then she drew from behind the child's picture a smaller photograph of a woman — his first wife, the boy's mother. Hard and thoughtfully she gazed at it, trying to measure the extent of her hold or loss of hold on him. Then she pushed it carefully back into place again and went to the bathroom, closing the door upon her.

She wouldn't intrude on him, when he'd sit staring darkly out of the window, as he would do, should there

be no mail for him at all. Or if there was a letter — always that one letter, from the one source — he would sit there poised on the edge of the bed, completely engrossed, excluding the room, excluding her. But she wouldn't have to witness that today. That was the little measure of triumph still left her; that and that only.

Naturally, a few minutes later, he'd tell her with loving and nostalgic detail what the little boy had done, now in his first year at school, what he had said, showing her perhaps a few childish block letters on school tablet paper. Now she could ward that off, for at least ten or fifteen minutes, perhaps.

She heard him come back into the room. She listened more intently than she had promised herself she would. She heard the very faint tearing open of a letter. In the silence that followed, she opened the hot water faucet wide, and let the water come out gushingly.

When she emerged fifteen minutes later, with an open, reckless smile on her face, she was surprised to see him busy taking his shirts out of his bag and putting them into a dresser drawer. He nodded his head in the direction of three letters on the dresser. "All for you this time, dear. Every one of them."

She stared at him, her smile remaining fixed on her face, the sympathy and forgiveness she had felt now spiraling down to a tight pellet of pain in the region of her stomach. She wasn't interested in her own letters; they could wait until dinner time.

Instead her eyes remained irrevocably focused on a scrap of paper, dangling from the envelope flap he'd thrust too carelessly into his coat pocket. He was unaware of her staring, but continued his methodical trips between dresser and bag, carefully smoothing the shirts.

That was an innovation, his pretense that he hadn't got a letter. Suddenly she even suspected him of not having asked for the mail intentionally. To control herself, she started reading one of her letters — one from her sister Emily — of which none of the neat Spencerian script made any sense.

By carefully hanging his coat over the back of a chair, he indicated that it was now his turn to go and clean up. As soon as he had shut the bathroom door, even before she heard the splashing of the water, she jumped up. With quick fingers she extracted the letter from his coat, hating herself for it. Previously he had always left *her* — his first wife's — letters lying around, indifferent as to whether she read them or not. And indifferently she had never even considered making an attempt to read them.

She drew the letter from its raggedly torn envelope. It was short. She stood there rigid, even while he was starting to make his usual snorting noises from the bathroom. It was so short that she could practically read it at a glance. Then she looked at the twenty-five dollar war bond that had been folded in it. The war bond was made out in the name of the little boy.

The letter said, without salutation or endearment:

I am returning that paltry bond. My son doesn't need long-term gifts, which I'd have to explain to him later. The monthly stipends are quite enough. Why don't you give the bond to *her*? But I dare say you made this contribution without her knowledge or consent. Or did she help you, considering your starvation income? *Alyse*.

She thrust the letter and the bond back into the envelope, all of it back in his coat pocket. She felt ashamed of herself. She hated her own face as she saw it fleetingly reflected in the mirror. Then she walked firmly back to the coat again, drew out the letter once more, and again taking its contents from the envelope, she sat down in the chair facing the bathroom door, the opened letter in her lap.

When he came out, not yet comprehending what she was doing, she

picked up the bond and showed it to him, saying slowly, "I did it, John. I took that letter from your pocket and I read it." She stared at him, her eyes a mixture of remorse, pity and anger.

He remained standing there a moment, looking down upon her. He shoved his hands into his trouser pockets and withdrew them again. He seemed so helpless. At last he shook his head, and began to say, as if in explanation, "Well, I . . ."

"Don't, John!" she cried.

This time he put his arms around her, and once more she put her head on his shoulder, and he, his cheek upon her hair. But this time they did not face the mirror. They turned from it and faced nothing but those anonymously green walls, and then suddenly each other. But not indirectly, not ritually, in a mirror.



Social Conventions —

I have not the slightest objections to conventions, no matter how pointless, when they do not interfere with one's comfort; but I do strongly object to them, when for no earthly reason, they do so interfere. As regards the table, I have had two life-long convictions. First, that when I want to eat a soft-boiled egg, I wanted to eat it out of a cup, and not to peck at it inside its shell as if I was a magpie robbing a nest. Second, and vastly more important, that when I was eating a fish, especially if it was a smelt or something of the kind, there was no earthly reason why I should be forbidden a knife, and forced to make ineffective jabs at the fish with my fork, while it scattered free around the place.

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ALASKA?

BY ROY ANDERSON

BOOK, magazine and pamphlet have extolled the wonders and the opportunities of Alaska. No other commonwealth under the Stars and Stripes has been written about so glowingly; yet none has remained so sadly underdeveloped. If Alaska is as rich in opportunity — if, indeed, Alaska is so inviting a country for industrialist and settler — why, then, has it failed to develop? Why has it failed to attract — and to hold — more industrialists and more settlers? In short, what is *wrong* with Alaska?

There are many things wrong with Alaska. Most prominent among its shortcomings are:

(1) The weather, the isolation, the higher cost of living, the absence of cultural and recreational pursuits. Many people simply can't stand living here.

(2) Alaska does not stand on its own feet. Economically and culturally, it is tied to Seattle's apron strings.

(3) Alaska is saddled with an absurd colonial system of government which, instead of helping, actually

hinders its progress. In fact, about 98 per cent of Alaskan land is now in the hands of bureaucrats in Washington, D. C.

Before expanding these points, let me make plain that I was born and reared in Alaska; that I love it; that I am an incurable optimist about it; that I think its advantages far, far outweigh its disadvantages. But there are thousands who disagree with me, so let's examine their reasons calmly.

It rains too much.

Southeastern Alaska certainly has an abundance of moisture. The precipitation of Ketchikan is five times that of Seattle, and the constant drip is oppressive to many people. Rain dampens the human spirit, even as it nurtures the forests and feeds the hundreds of streams in which the salmon spawn. It provides the resources from which Alaskans make their livings, and at the same time discourages their staying to exploit those resources.

But in interior Alaska, where the annual precipitation is less than half

ROY ANDERSON was born in Ketchikan, Alaska, and educated in the public schools there. He attended the University of Washington in Seattle, and later worked on — in time becoming publisher of — the Ketchikan Chronicle. He sold out his interest in the paper last year, though he still maintains his home in Ketchikan. He is now doing free-lance writing.

that of Seattle, people find other alibis for their dislike of Alaska. They claim it is too cold, although winters there compare favorably with those of midwestern United States.

The cost of living is too high.

Alaska has never encouraged agricultural pursuits. Before the war, most of its food was shipped in — even the eggs, poultry, butter, green-stuffs that could be raised in almost any part of the territory. Importing food costs money. Besides, Alaskan stores are small, their volume of trade limited, their costs comparatively high.

Freight costs, which add 10 per cent to the price of a cheap automobile, might add 100 per cent or more to the invoice value of greenstuffs.

Some people contend it costs 25 per cent or 35 per cent more to live in Ketchikan than in Seattle; 50 per cent more to live in Anchorage or Fairbanks. I challenge these figures, but they are widely quoted and as widely believed.

The housing situation is poor.

It is true that there has never been an abundance of good housing in Alaska. Even before the war, it was difficult to find suitable accommodations for rent or for sale. Many people preferred to live in drafty old wrecks rather than build better homes for themselves. Disliking Alaska anyhow, they could see no reason to put their roots in the soil, no reason to tie themselves down.

Since the war, of course, such families as could wriggle through the

Army travel control have had extreme difficulty getting housing of any kind — good or bad. As a result, many a potential sourdough has been forced to move his family back to the States.

There are few cultural or educational advantages.

Obviously a small population cannot support ballets, operas, symphony orchestras, universities and colleges. Alaska has only one institution of higher learning: the University of Alaska near Fairbanks. It is more inaccessible to southeastern Alaska than the colleges or universities of the Pacific Coast states. Though most cities have libraries which are constantly growing better, and the Territory maintains a library and museum at Juneau, you will find more Alaskan in the libraries and museums of New York than you will in most Alaskan communities.

It is too isolated.

Among some people, Alaskan isolation stimulates acute homesickness. It is more than 700 miles from Seattle to Ketchikan, two or two and a half days by boat, three hours by airplane (though at this writing there is no airplane connection with Seattle). A single boat fare is \$45 or \$50, with no round-trip reduction. It is even farther, of course, and more costly, to other parts of the country.

The "easy" way of life is a mirage.

Alaska has been called a man's country. Many men have liked it because it gave them the opportunity for a careless, untrammelled way of life. Some have surrendered so com-

pletely to the call of the north that they feel unable to live anywhere else. One old sourdough, whose wife and grown sons and daughters had deserted Alaska for the States, went to Los Angeles to visit them. On his return, he was asked how he liked it outside. "Oh," he admitted in a rather condescending manner, "it's all right out there — only it's too far from the center of things!"

A much younger man — a chap in a soldier's uniform — expressed similar sentiments in the smoking compartment of a train speeding across the States not long ago. "All I'm waiting for," he said, "is the end of the war. Then I'm going to head for the Yukon and get me a kloochee and a fish wheel and let the rest of the world go by. If you don't like it in one spot up there, all you have to do is go over the hill to another."

Such free and easy living has naturally attracted lazy scoundrels, drunks, riff-raff. And these, in turn, have repelled families who dislike associating with such people.

In fact, few Alaskans can point to their cities as being lily white. Quite the contrary. Liquor has always been an abundant curse in Alaska. The evil conditions were not improved by wartime restrictions which banned the families of soldiers, sailors and war workers from the Territory.

Recreational facilities are limited.

Publicly and privately, people complain about the lack of recreational facilities in Alaska. Until the war, Ketchikan had only one small school

gymnasium. In many communities movements have been instigated to provide civic centers with handball courts, gymnasiums, swimming pools and the like. There has been little or no football; only a few tennis and handball courts; no golf; considerable basketball and baseball; some hockey in the interior.

Hunting, fishing, boating, camping, hiking and many other outdoor pursuits are not fully exploited by young or old. But there is a real and continuing demand for the same variety of recreational pursuits available in the States.

II

Alaska, for better or for worse, is tied culturally and economically to Seattle's apron strings.

Even these lines, I am ashamed to say, were written in Seattle. As I glanced out of my office window, I saw the Governor of Alaska, three Alaskan attorneys, four of its leading business men and two labor leaders walking by — all within the space of an hour or two. The count could be duplicated practically any day in the year.

Most of these people make their money in Alaska, and spend a big share of it in Seattle. They are attracted not only by Seattle's cultural advantages, but by the facts of economic life. Seattle is the tail that wags the Alaskan dog.

Years ago, I met a Ketchikan dentist on a Seattle street. His greeting:

"You're the twentieth person from Ketchikan I've met here in the past twenty-four hours. It looks as if I'll have to move to Seattle if I want to be an Alaskan dentist." He took his own advice, and is now located permanently in Seattle as so many other ex-Alaskans are.

Almost all Alaskan salmon canneries, transportation concerns and mining companies maintain their headquarters staff, their bookkeepers, their legal counsel, their salesmen or buyers, and their employment offices in Seattle or some other part of the U. S. Many so-called Alaskan labor unions also maintain headquarters in the States. Non-resident workers in Alaska by far outnumber resident workers. Thousands of miners, machinists, boat operators, cannery workers and fishermen maintain their homes in Seattle and leave their families there when they go north for the season's work. War workers, even had they chosen otherwise, were forced to leave their families outside when they went to Alaska.

Wholesale houses maintain their warehouses and staffs in Seattle, each sending a salesman or two to handle the vast business offered in Alaska.

The modern economic lords of Alaska sit in Seattle, and some of them have never made a trip to the country whose destinies they control. The so-called "Seattle Spirit" has always been a source of minor irritation to permanent Alaskans. When the Seattle Chamber of Commerce first started its good-will tours to Alaska, it made

the mistake of crowding the boat with super-salesmen who flocked ashore, order books in hand. This incident created such a bad taste that "greeters" making the later tours were strictly admonished to leave their order books at home.

I would not belittle the contribution of outside capital or labor to such Alaskan development as has taken place to date. It is unfortunate, however, that too great a proportion of the wages for Alaskan work and too much of the profits of Alaskan industry revert to the States instead of being reinvested in Alaska itself. This is a fact which so discourages many a would-be sourdough that he, too, moves to Seattle.

III

Alaska's colonial system of government leaves much to be desired.

Delegate to Congress, E. L. (Bob) Bartlett, pointed out recently: "A multitude of government agencies now controls Alaska on a long-range basis from Washington, D. C. Largely uncoordinated, this system doesn't make for the best government — or even reasonably good government. Alaska, since 1912, has had the least liberal territorial act ever adopted for any Territory."

He puts it mildly. As delegate, for example, he is Alaska's only representative in Washington. But he has no vote in either House or Senate.

Alaska's governor is not elected. He is appointed by the President of

the United States. Generally he is an outsider, not an Alaskan.

The territorial legislature is a creature of Congress, and has only limited powers. Its acts are subject to veto by the Presidentially-appointed governor or to outright repeal by Congress.

Alaska has no constitution, only an organic act written by Congress.

Alaska has no control over its own resources. All fisheries, fur, game and forest resources are in the hands of the bureaus operating from the national capital.

The Alaska Railroad, running from Seward and Whittier on the coast to Fairbanks in the interior, is owned and operated by the Federal government. The interior highway system and the roads in the National Forests are almost wholly Federal.

This vast and increasing Federal power over the Territory has not helped to develop Alaska. The evidence is that it has been a hindrance. The rigid and all-embracing Federal control of 98 per cent of Alaskan land and of all her resources has not only frightened the individual settler, but has kept out the venture capital which might otherwise have helped development. Secretary Harold L. Ickes, whose Department of the Interior has such tremendous power in Alaska, has accused Alaskans of a certain lack of manners. But Ickes himself is regarded there as a sort of irreconcilable Donald Duck who pays little attention to Alaskans and their problems. He — and through him all the bureaucrats — is accused of setting up a

system of restraints which discourages the freedom-loving pioneer so important to Alaska's growth.

Alaskan opportunities are as effectively locked against the settler as against the man of great wealth. So, at least, it seems to the man who tries to get ahead in his own small way. And as if this were not bad enough, the Alaskan citizen is denied the right to vote for President, denied representation in Congress, denied a voice in the conduct and use of the land and resources of his own neighborhood. Naturally, he begins to be a bit resentful. And because he dislikes the absurd colonial system of government saddled on Alaska, he is apt also to dislike Alaska as well.

So it isn't the weather alone, or the way of life, or the isolation, or the bad government, or the "Seattle Spirit." It is the accumulation of all these things and many more.

The simple truth is that Alaska isn't made for everyone. Alaska needs the kind of man who can take it. Its appeal is still to the men and women in whom the blood of pioneers flows strong and pure. The people who insist on paved highways, landscaped yards, tilled fields and ready-made jobs, forget that such things didn't exist anywhere to start with; they are the result of toil. Alaska needs such men as are willing and able to carve their homes out of work and hope and wilderness. If their numbers ever become sufficient, they may be able to shout down the bureaucrats.

BALLAD OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

AROUND the bend of Harbor Hill
Comes Number 33,
Says: Board the cars, my bonny boy,
And ride to Town with me.

A Town that has no ceiling price,
A Town of double-talk;
A Town so big men name her twice,
Like so: N'Yawk, N'Yawk.

Then spake the old Belittlin' Witch:
"Beware the crowded trains;
Of all towns she's the Biggest Bitch —
Bide here, and save your brains.

"What though she numbers boroughs
five

With many a noble spot,
Her thought is mostly gin and jive,
Her repartee, So What?"

Himself replied: "Old Gloomy Spook
I fear no blatherskites,
I'll blow my nickel in the juke
Behind the neon lights.

"Or I might even show 'em
At Sardi's or The Stork —
I feel to write a poem
About New York, New York."

The Witch:—

She's Run-around, and In-and-Out,
And futile To-and-Fro,
And then what it was All About
You will not even know.

She'll ring you mad by telephone
And foul your wits with ink;
Men's tricks to get their product shown
I will not say. They stink!

Across the fifty nations
Her yokel accents go,
Her mispronunciations
Broadcast by radio.

When ever did New York requite
The glamor poets lent her?
Her soul is café-socialite,
A simian garment-center.

Himself:—

The Town is what you make it
Of glory and of pain;
I've earned the right to take it
As Comédie Humaine.

For I have watched her faces
To educate my soul,
Been drunk in public places
With bliss, not alcohol.

Yes, I have known a crosstown street
In sunset parallel
Where lovers lay in peace so sweet
They never heard the El.

And I have stood, alone, alone,
Where ships blew hoarse for sea
And armored planes were crowded on
Like blackbirds on a tree.

The worm is on her portal?
 The Dollar is her joss?
 Her sin is, being mortal?
 I enter: *Nolle Pros.*

The Witch:—

Okay. Then learn the answers,
 Eternally crack wise,
 And be among the dancers
 With belladonna eyes.

Okay. All doors cry Welcome
 (If only Name you bring)
 To swamis who talk talcum
 Or poets who can't sing.

Okay. Her mind still plays with blocks,
 And, reckoned in brain-hours,
 When she outgrows her bobbysocks
 She starts on whiskey sours.

O consommé of gas-balloons,
 Whoopsdearie of them all!
 A town of seven million goons
 Behind the octave ball.

Of what avail her towers high
 If in them men devote
 Their minds to trivial things? But I
 Should worry! (End of quote).

Himself:—

Avault, old bag! (Himself replied)
 Pipe down, and cut the squawk.
 Your remarks are much too snide
 About N'Yawk, N'Yawk.

You bet, her tastes are corny:
 The public's always are;
 And I may end my journey
 In some unritzy bar,

But, in the final ember,
 Discriminate am I;
 From boyhood I remember
 Diana in the sky,

When life was all for learning
 (The top of human time!)
 And mind was full of morning,
 And language burst with rhyme.

Now, when my hours are shortened,
 Fresh music I would bring;
 She gives me, when disheartened,
 Magnificence to sing —

The song of smart connivers,
 Of crowded subway stops,
 Of tough old taxi-drivers
 And much-enduring cops,

The ancient Down Town Fever,
 The smell of ferry slips,
 And always and forever
 The pageant of her ships.

Unroll me then this mappamond
 Of all the life men know,
 Grotesque and arabesque beyond
 The Tales of Edgar Poe.

And though she tear my mind in two
 In joy and pity split,
 I love her; and so Nuts to You —
 It's my mind, isn't it?

*New York, New York! — Two moods
 betwixt,
 Half fearful and half fain
 (O love, O anger, always mixed!)
 He got aboard the train.*

Our Veterans need Your help!

An Important Message from Major General Norman T. Kirk, The Surgeon General, U.S. Army

THE VAST MAJORITY of our Veterans will return from the War physically fit.

Some will not be so fortunate. Some will be disabled . . . physically and mentally scarred.

The Army and Navy provide care for our men in the services; the Veterans Administration for those discharged. In many cases there comes a time when it is best for the Veteran to return to his home environment.

Once at home, it is the family's responsibility to help him with sympathy and patience to get back to normal as fast as possible.

The help which cannot be given in the home becomes the responsibility of *your community*, which should be prepared to offer Veterans such aids as these:

1. *Medical advice, if needed.*
2. *Help in obtaining work which is consistent with impairments.*

For those who return hale and hearty . . . a rapid return to everyday life may be facilitated if the Veteran may obtain:

1. *Help in securing employment through competent vocational counsel.*
2. *Advice on legal, educational, domestic affairs and other questions.*

If your community does not already offer helpful services to Veterans, you—who belong to business, civic, church, and other community groups—may take the lead in establishing such assistance.

If your town already supports Veterans Aid bureaus under various auspices, I urge you to help *co-ordinate* their valuable services, so that Veterans will have the *best* your community can give them.


U. S. ARMY



Ask for these free booklets . . . *Metropolitan has prepared several booklets containing suggestions for the reception of returning Veterans. Send today for the one you'll need.*

For those in the homes of our returning Veterans—

Booklet 105LA—"Coming Home"

For businessmen and community leaders—

Booklet 105LB—"Employment of the Handicapped Veteran"

Booklet 105LC—"Re-employment of the Veteran"

COPYRIGHT 1945—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT



1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

THE LIFE OF A SOVIET OFFICIAL ABROAD

BY VICTOR KRAVCHENKO

IN Washington, D. C., right in the capital of the world's greatest democracy, hundreds of men and women live the rigidly controlled lives of citizens of the world's greatest dictatorship. Though residing and working among free Americans, these people remain the terrorized subjects of a totalitarian state. They do not share the free speech, free press and other civil and sheerly human rights of their American neighbors, except secretly and at the risk of dire punishments. What they read, what they think, whom they meet is as completely prescribed and supervised as if they were still inside the frontiers of Russia. Their every word and action is subject to a fantastically elaborate system of spying and mutual denunciation.

This contrast between their totalitarian existence and the freedom around them provides a dramatic exhibit of two opposing ways of life: as if a chunk of pure totalitarianism had somehow been torn loose from

the banks of the Moscow River and deposited intact on the shores of the Potomac.

I know whereof I write because I was myself one of these strange "totalitarians abroad" until I escaped by breaking away from the Soviet Purchasing Commission which has been in charge of Russian lend-lease activities in the United States. From the time I arrived in Washington in August 1943 until I severed my connections in April 1944, I was a responsible official in the metals division of the Commission.

Let me start by recounting a few little incidents which should help to convey the bitter flavor of life in a Soviet agency in America, whether it be the Purchasing Commission in the capital, the Amtorg Trading Corporation in New York, or their branch offices in other American cities. In all, several thousand Russians are affected.

One day, while in New York on business, I dropped in unannounced at the hotel room of another Soviet

VICTOR KRAVCHENKO joined the Comsomols (Communist Youth) in 1925 and the Communist Party in 1929. After service in the Red Army, he was put in charge of an armament engineering department in the Sovnarkom (Council of People's Commissars). Soon thereafter, he was appointed to a post in Washington where he served as an official in the metals section of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in connection with lend-lease operations. He publicly announced his decision to break with the Soviet régime in April 1944.

representative, employed by Amtorg. I caught him red-handed in the midst of a "crime." I found him reading a liberal Russian-language magazine, one of the "counter-revolutionary" American publications we were forbidden to touch.

"So that's what you read!" I exclaimed.

My friend turned pale. Tears came to his eyes. He knew that his fate was now in my hands. If I should report his crime, his recall to Russia would be almost certain, and after that expulsion from the Communist Party, disgrace, perhaps banishment to Siberia not only for himself but for his whole family. In a panic of fear he implored me to spare him.

"Believe me, Victor, on my word of honor as a Communist, I simply wanted to see what our enemies write about us," he pleaded. "I beg you to forget my offense. We've known each other for many years. Don't wreck my life!"

Realizing that he was scared out of his wits, I stopped pretending and began reassuring him. He was not entirely quieted, however, until I took him to my room at the Pennsylvania Hotel, opened my briefcase, and showed him that I had the very same periodical in my possession. Only then was he certain that, as a fellow criminal, I would not denounce him.

Another minor episode: While living in a furnished room with an American family, I fell ill and had to remain in bed for about ten days. Among the lower employees of the Commission

were many Americans: typists, clerks and the like. Several of them sent me friendly notes of cheer. When I returned to work, I had cause to regret their kindliness.

My English having been unequal to the job of reading the letters in detail, I had asked a colleague in the office to translate them for me. As I thought, they were merely routine good wishes for a speedy recovery. But as the notes were being translated, one of our Party officials stopped to listen. I forgot the whole matter until I was summoned by the Secretary of the Communist Party nucleus to which I was attached.

He proceeded to cross-examine me sternly and at length about my relations with each of the Americans who had written to me. What was at the bottom of this suspicious fraternization of a responsible Party man with the "class enemies" around him? He ended with a reprimand and an injunction to beware the pitfalls of our capitalist surroundings. I counted myself lucky to get off so lightly.

II

In the Commission building on Sixteenth Street there is a library. One evening I asked the librarian on duty for two books: the novel *I Love by Avdeyenko* and a historical volume by Virt on the rôle of General Tukhachevsky. Neither of the books was available. I borrowed several others and forgot the matter.

But soon thereafter I was called on

the carpet by my Party superiors. It developed that I had committed a whole array of mistakes. My interest in the work of the executed General was obviously alarming. And was I not aware that the author, Virt, had also been "liquidated"? Ignorance was no excuse. As for the novel, though once popular in Moscow, it was now for some reason on the literary blacklist. Why had I wished to read that "counter-revolutionary" volume at this particular time? In short, I stood deeply compromised in the eyes of the guardians of Party purity.

The library, in point of fact, was one of the important instruments for supervising our minds. Though it also contained a broad selection of light reading, failure to pay enough attention to the serious, ideologically respectable Party books was held against us.

Even the books and magazines we browsed through were reported by the librarian-spies as indications of our "political mood." We were continually under observation for symptoms of contamination by our new "bourgeois" environment.

Among American publications, the really safe reading for Russian totalitarians abroad included the pro-Communist Russian-language daily *Russky Golos*, the *Daily Worker* and the New York tabloid *PM*. For a while, after it had issued a highly pro-Soviet special edition, the magazine *Life* was smiled upon by the Commission monitors of our morals. After it

ran an article by William C. Bullitt on Russian expansionism in Europe, however, *Life* was banned, along with other weeklies and monthlies which published "anti-Soviet" authors.

To appreciate the extent of the supervision, bear in mind that only the most trustworthy comrades are ever sent abroad. It is a kind of accolade of official confidence. Candidates for foreign posts are examined and investigated for months before being allowed to taste the forbidden fruit of capitalist life. They are thoroughly instructed in their duties and especially cautioned about the temptations that will surround them: the "bourgeois fleshpots," capitalist-Fascist spies and agitators, "Trotskyist" sirens and many more. Usually they are not permitted to take all members of their immediate families with them — a few hostages are useful insurance against possible backsliding.

Nevertheless, having arrived abroad, they are watched and induced to watch one another day and night. They must report every new American acquaintance — not merely his name and address, but his political temper, his economic contacts, his attitude toward Russia. Further contact can be maintained only with official permission and on condition of continuous and exhaustive reports. Americans of Russian origin or descent are particularly suspect, since they might be supporters of some anti-Stalin faction.

An elderly American lady holding a very modest post in the Commission

asked me several times to pay her a visit. On one pretext or another, I wiggled out of it. One evening, as hard luck would have it, I ran into her on the street. It appeared that we were quite near her home and she asked me to come up and have a cup of coffee. I accepted the invitation, remaining at her home for about an hour. There were several other guests and we made small talk.

For weeks thereafter I lived in a state of painful alarm. What if someone had seen me and "told"? What if the lady herself inadvertently mentioned my visit to the wrong people? Our American co-workers were for the most part blessedly ignorant of the pressures under which the Russians worked.

The Commission also required us to keep it informed in detail about servants, laundresses, English teachers and other people entering our households. Apparently these were carefully investigated, and if found unsuitable we were ordered to dismiss them. I myself made the mistake of arranging to exchange Russian for English with an American girl working as a typist in our headquarters. I was commanded to discontinue — and did. The irony of the story is that this girl was wildly enthusiastic about everything Russian and hoped some day to settle in my country.

All our mail to friends and relatives in Russia had to be delivered *open* for forwarding by the Commission — despite the fact that it would be censored at the other end anyhow.

In the same way arriving mail, although already stamped by the censor in Russia, was read by the appropriate Commission officials before being turned over to us.

We totalitarians abroad were forbidden to visit night clubs, to see "counter-revolutionary" pictures or plays, to listen to radio commentators "unfriendly" to the Soviets. Being human we did many of these things — the temptations to political sinning are overwhelming in a democratic country — but always in fear and trembling. Many paid with their careers for such transgressions.

The taboo against mixing with Americans did not apply, of course, to those whom we needed to cultivate for business or political reasons. In that case, on the contrary, we were provided with special funds for lavish entertainment and encouraged to do things in a generous and even ostentatious style. We had to demonstrate that we were "men of the world" representing a rich, powerful and open-handed country.

Valuable gifts, including expensive furs, were presented to Americans whose good will we considered useful. The American recipient may have thought it a personal and spontaneous gesture, but in every case it was the end-product of an official discussion and decision. This control of our relations with Americans was carried so far that even New Year's cards were sent to American official and business acquaintances only with the consent of the proper authorities concerned.

III.

When I first arrived at the Commission headquarters, I did not report to the President of the Commission, at that time General Belyayev, but to Comrade Z —, the ranking Communist emissary in America. As the direct plenipotentiary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, he was the most powerful Soviet official in the United States.

Comrade Z — had no direct contact with Americans. He took no part in any Soviet-American negotiations. As far as the official American records go, he was just another functionary connected with the Commission. Yet his word was law for everyone from the most menial Soviet employee to the most important Soviet military, economic and diplomatic representative. He spoke with the voice of the Party, which is the real government of Russia.

"You should have no misconceptions about our relations with the United States," he told me in the course of that first interview. "Today we regard our relations with capitalist America as diplomatically and militarily useful. This does not mean that our interests will always coincide. In the war itself, and in the future peace period, our roads and aims are quite different. If you bear that in mind, you will understand why you must remain vigilant, suspicious and aloof."

At purely business and technical conferences, it was General Belyayev

(or his successor, General Rudenko) who presided. But at meetings of the Party members, where the really vital policies were discussed, it was Comrade Z — who sat in the driver's seat. The same dual system of authority prevailed in every section of the Commission. In my own metals division, the technical chief conducted conferences of a business nature. But when our Party members got together, this chief became just one of the rank and file while the Communist Secretary was boss.

The size and complexity of the espionage and surveillance to which the Soviet official abroad is subjected are truly staggering. Every one of us was obliged, as a loyal Party member and in sheer self-protection, to report suspicious words or acts of any colleague. This is taken for granted, whether in Moscow and Vladivostok or in Washington and Chicago.

In addition, the Party had an array of special agents deployed throughout the Commission, seemingly engaged in various technical jobs but actually devoted to spying on the people around them. Beyond that — and most frightening of all — was the network of agents of the NKVD, the state political police (formerly known as the OGPU), who spied on a more professional basis. Even the President of the Commission and Comrade Z — were not exempt from this over-all police surveillance.

Since we did not know who the spies were — normally the agent himself did not know the identity of his

fellow informers — the only safety was in assuming that everyone without exception was an actual or potential tale-bearer. The remarkable thing, in fact, is that despite this pervasive and demoralizing fear many of us did become friendly at all. Under pledge of secrecy we actually did share our thoughts, discontents and despairs. Most of us totalitarians abroad despised the system of which we were at once the representatives and the victims.

The Commission in Washington, precisely like every factory, office and institution in the Soviet Union, has a Special or Secret Department. This serves as the eyes and ears of the régime, watching every citizen, tracking down every symptom of disloyalty or discontent. The big safes of the Secret Department bulged with the reports and denunciations of the employees; with verbatim transcripts of interrogations; with records of real or imaginary indiscretions that can be used as clubs over any recalcitrant head.

When a colleague showed unusual signs of friendliness, common sense demanded that we consider the possibility that he or she was trying to win our confidence for some purpose. We knew only too well that conversations on "dangerous" subjects were often provoked by zealous comrades to test our immunity to the sinful bourgeois surroundings in America.

Under the Soviet-American arrangement only a limited number of Russians can come in under ordinary diplomatic passports. Additional in-

telligence personnel were therefore brought in under the guise of economic functionaries of the lend-lease and trading missions.

On one occasion, in the elevator of the Commission building, I found myself face to face with a highly important Communist from Moscow. My mind flashed back to the time when I had seen him at a theatre in the company of the two NKVD generals. He now pretended not to recognize me. Later, however, he looked me up and warned me not to let on that I knew him and not to reveal his identity, since he was here on a delicate assignment.

I want to underline that whatever the specific work of a Soviet economic representative, a major part of his obligation is also to obtain all possible data about American business firms, technology, military affairs, scientific processes, etc. The instructions I received before leaving Moscow for the United States were sufficiently explicit and can be summed up in one sentence: *Get all the information you can; give none in return.* These instructions were frequently repeated to us by Commission officials.

Late in 1943 the Communists, who constituted about 90 per cent of all the responsible officials in the Commission, were called to a special meeting. When we were all gathered, the doors were locked. Comrade Z — looked solemn. We knew that he had some important news. It turned out to be a very long document just arrived from Moscow. After it was read

to us, we all initialed it to attest that we were familiar with its contents.

The document was signed by Mikoyan, Commissar of Foreign Trade, but it was clearly the work of the NKVD, Army Intelligence and other espionage outfits. It was in effect a detailed set of instructions on the kind of military and economic data about the United States we must look for, how to gather it, how to cover our traces. Although in general it merely reiterated instructions given to me, and to all others, before we left Russia, it was obviously intended as a refresher course and as a reminder.

Although the exigencies of war had made us temporary allies in Europe, I was constantly warned, we must not trust any American. The frankness and candor that I met everywhere in dealing with American business and government people made those warnings look a little insane. My American hosts seemed naïvely unaware that they were my sworn "class enemies." Without exception, they went far beyond their formal obligations in giving me information and help. I had occasion to visit scores of plants. Invariably the management showed me everything — installations, costs, processes, materials. To a Russian, this

lack of secrecy seemed incredible.

An immense total of highly detailed data about military, political and economic affairs has been gathered by Soviet agents in these war years, and before that through the Amtorg Trading Corporation. It has been supplemented by a continuous study of the American general and technical press: a large staff at the Commission was engaged in reading, clipping, sorting, digesting and analyzing printed matter.

Thus in democratic America we continued our familiar totalitarian existence, spying and being spied upon, living in constant fear of the political axe. What seemed "natural" in Russia, however, often looked grotesque in the American setting, against a background of simple human freedom. Consequently, extreme self-control and vigilance were needed to keep within proper dictatorial bounds. There were few who did not transgress now and then.

Small wonder that an order to return home usually alarmed us totalitarians abroad to the point of panic. It might be a perfectly routine recall — but it might as easily be the first step in a purge leading to exile or even to physical liquidation.



KEEP yourself from the anger of a great man, from the tumult of a mob, from a man of ill fame, from a widow that has been thrice married, from a wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy.

— H. G. BORN

SLEEP AND SLEEPING PILLS

BY THEODORE G. KLUMPP, M.D.

INSOMNIA is seldom a problem for the farmer, the cotton picker, the fisherman, and all others who gain their livelihood through physical toil. It is a problem chiefly among those who live by their wits, such as professional men and women, writers, artists, and so on. These two facts tell a very important story, but before going into that story, it is necessary to explain briefly the physiology of sleep.

Sleep is governed by the activity of a small area at the base of the brain, called the hypothalamus. A tumor or an abscess in the hypothalamus causes disturbances of the sleep pattern. One investigator placed electrodes in the hypothalamus of cats, and whenever he turned on the current the animals would promptly fall asleep. This region is continuously prodded by a relay of messages from the cortex (the intellectual center) of the brain and from the muscles and other organs of the body. When the stream of messages from the cortex slows down, or when messages of fatigue are forwarded from the muscles, the sleep

center is ready to fold up its tent for the night. But when other messages such as unaccustomed sound from the ears, or light from the eyes, or cramps from the limbs, or the signal of a full bladder come in, the hypothalamus takes over again — and we are awake.

Sleep is thus influenced by both the body and the mind. When the body is fatigued and the mind is at rest, sleep comes easily. But in our labor-saving civilization the body is given very little chance to make its contribution of physical fatigue to sleep. With our minds keyed up during all of our working hours, pouring impulses to the hypothalamus, is it any wonder that we have difficulty in throttling down to that level of mental tranquillity without which sleep is impossible? A perhaps exaggerated example of modern living is the well-known pianist who takes a sleeping pill every night, and a benzedrine tablet every morning to wake him up.

Insomnia is invariably due to:

(1) *Unresolved mental or emotional conflicts.* Worry, fear and anxiety are

THEODORE G. KLUMPP, formerly Assistant Clinical Professor at Yale Medical School, chief of the Drug Division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, and director of the Division of Drugs, Food and Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association, is now president of one of the country's leading pharmaceutical companies.

other names for the same thing. Ordinarily we recognize what is bothering us and interfering with sleep, but at times we do not. Every physician encounters patients who with complete sincerity deny that they are worrying; yet a study of the situation reveals that they are in fact suffering from a serious inner conflict. When the disturbance is persistent and not readily apparent to the patient, it is often necessary and desirable to employ psychiatric techniques of investigation to get at the bottom of the difficulty. And here a word of caution is in order. Patients often expect too much from the psychiatrist. The most a psychiatrist can do is to find and identify the cause of the disturbance and suggest to the patient how best to get rid of the conflict. But the cure is up to the patient. After all, the psychiatrist cannot undo an unhappy marriage, or roll back the years that have accumulated to plague us, or recall the son whose bombing missions over Tokyo keep us awake.

(2) *Organic disease.* A number of disease conditions are often responsible for insomnia. Among these are hyperthyroidism (toxic goiter); St. Vitus dance; encephalitis; high blood pressure; digestion, heart and respiratory disorders, and infections such as influenza, typhoid fever and tuberculosis. By and large, however, sleeplessness accompanying illness is more often due to worry about the illness than to the illness itself. In such cases, a philosophic acceptance of the misfortune is fundamental and most

necessary to a cure of the insomnia.

(3) *Overstimulation.* Every busy person knows how exasperating it is to come home exhausted beyond all endurance, and yet be unable to sleep. But why should we expect our brain and nervous system to respond like a water faucet, to be turned on and off at will? The reverberations of mental activity and the impulses that flow from it to all parts of the brain cannot ordinarily be so quickly extinguished. The most helpful attitude in such circumstances is to realize that it takes time to throttle down from a high level of stimulation. This can best be accomplished, not by trying to capture sleep like a struggling beast, but by resting and relaxing until slumber is ready to come of its own accord. Light reading, music, the radio, or the practice of a hobby that does not require intense mental effort will often do the trick.

(4) *External stimuli.* Though it is unnecessary to say anything about the effect of noise on sleep, not everyone may appreciate that the cessation of sounds to which one has become accustomed may also serve to disturb sleep. The quiet of the country is at first disturbing to city dwellers. The sudden stopping of a ticking clock may awaken a light sleeper. It is not so much the noise or quiet that counts as whether or not we are accustomed to it.

(5) *The effect of drugs.* In the main, those subject to insomnia fail to appreciate how much the action of some drugs and stimulants contributes

to the condition. More individuals than is generally appreciated are sensitive to the effects of caffeine in coffee, tea and soft drinks. Caffeine is a stimulant which keeps the flow of impulses going from the cortex to the hypothalamus. Most individuals taking caffeine steadily develop a tolerance for it so that its stimulating effect is adequately overcome by the system. But to those who never acquire satisfactory tolerance, caffeine remains an important factor in interfering with normal sleep. It is not always sufficient to eliminate coffee or tea at the evening meal; those who have trouble sleeping should not take caffeine-containing beverages even after the morning meal.

The effects of alcohol are variable. Excessive amounts will in the end produce unconsciousness, but moderate amounts taken under circumstances that are otherwise stimulating will often produce wakefulness.

The active principles in nose drops and inhalants administered for nasal congestion are potent stimulants, and in sensitive individuals tend to interfere with sleep. Thyroid, digitalis and belladonna are other drugs that often have the same effect.

II

We can't all pull up stakes, move to the country, and lead the simple life which more often brings an end to insomnia than probably any other treatment. Some of us attain a temporary respite from insomnia on our

vacations, but the rest of the time we must cope with the problem in other ways. First and foremost, we must not take an occasional sleepless night too seriously. Knowing that we will not be up to par the next day, we are prone to worry about the sleepless hours that have already been lost. This concern is in itself often more wearing than the simple act of remaining conscious. What the occasional insomniac must do is cultivate a sense of proportion and a realistic acceptance of the fact that he is not alone, that there are millions in the same boat.

We are all familiar with the practice of taking a warm drink to induce sleep. Warm liquid in the stomach does induce a slight reflex dilatation of the blood vessels (vasodilatation), and to this extent the practice has logic behind it. But the effect is slight — as anyone who really has insomnia will testify.

For the sedentary "brain-workers" a beneficial practice might be exercise in moderation. People often complain that after a hard day at the office they are so tired that exercise is the last thing they want to think of. To this there is only one answer: "Try it." Where the fatigue is largely mental, the depression of fatigue will often give way to a flow of well-being, and sleep will come more easily. A word of caution: Vigorous exercise before bedtime is likely to have a stimulating rather than a soothing effect.

When the simple measures here suggested fail, as they often do, one further choice is available. Either you

must try to live with insomnia, which is not always advisable, or you will have to go to your physician and have him determine whether you need a sleeping pill to tide you over periodic sleep crises.

Medical authorities have voted the barbiturates, the common ingredient of sleeping pills, among the ten most valuable drugs available. They were first prepared in 1903 by the German Nobel prize winner, Emil Fischer. Ingenious chemists have worked out more than a hundred different barbiturate compounds, each of which possesses the fundamental barbiturate structure but differs in its chemical trimmings. Some barbiturates act quickly and for a short time; others are slower in developing their action but continue to exert their sedative influence for a prolonged period.

The choice of the right barbiturate to meet the particular needs of the patient rests with the skill of the physician. Some individuals do better with a quick-acting barbiturate while others obtain a better effect from one having a slower, longer action. The morning-after "hangover" is usually due to a dose of a barbiturate that is too large, or the use of a compound whose action time is too long.

III

During recent months the question of the safety of sleeping pills has been brought before the public. The case against sleeping pills may be summarized as follows:

1. Sleeping pills are dangerous drugs and as such are too easy to obtain.
2. The number of suicides and deaths from their accidental use is increasing.
3. Sleeping pills are habit-forming and under their influence abhorrent crimes are being committed.

Let us consider these points. According to official statistics over 5,000,000 ounces of the barbiturates were sold in 1940 in the United States. This amounts to over one and one-half billion doses of sleeping pills, or approximately four and one-quarter million doses per day. There are reported 246 accidental deaths from barbiturates and 299 suicides during the same period. Regrettable as these deaths are, their number must be considered in relation to the total of 18,907 suicides of which 5623 were by means of other poisons, 1324 accidental deaths from other poisons, and 124,121 accidental deaths from all causes except motor vehicles. In further contrast, there were reported 5260 deaths from alcohol in the same period, which is almost ten times the number of deaths from barbiturates. Moreover, it is conceded that the deaths from alcohol represent only approximately half of those that actually occurred, since physicians are generously willing to spare the relatives the stigma attached to a record of this cause of death.

As a matter of fact, the barbiturates, even if taken in huge amounts, seldom do serious injury. Many epileptics, for example, have taken phenobarbital (Luminal) in daily amounts of from one to seven times the ordinary seda-

tive dose for periods as long as thirty years — with inconsequential effect on the brain or nervous system. And ordinary individuals have survived after taking 108 times the therapeutic dose of one type of barbiturate, 52 times the therapeutic dose of another, and 90 times that of a third. Dr. R. D. Gillespie who made a study of the barbiturate literature stated that no case has been recorded in which either a single dose or repeated doses of average therapeutic size caused death in the absence of complicating factors.

IV

Every physician who has had occasion to treat potential suicides is gratified to find that a significant percentage of those who regain consciousness have changed their minds and are fervently anxious to live. This much can be said in favor of the barbiturates: the margin of safety is great; the lethal effect comes on relatively slowly; and antidotes, except against overwhelming doses, are effective. A new dramatically effective antidote to barbiturate poisoning — picrotoxin — was suggested as far back as 1931 by the University of Wisconsin pharmacologists, Drs. Maloney, Fitch and Tatum. Picrotoxin is obtained from the berries of a climbing shrub growing in Malabar and the East Indies. The natives call them "fish berries" because they have found that by throwing the bruised berries upon the water they could catch fish that devour them.

The active principle of the berries,

picrotoxin, is so powerful that the fish rise to the surface paralyzed. In proper doses, however, it is one of the most effective stimulants for the central nervous system. This property makes it extremely valuable for overcoming the central nervous system depression from heavy dosage with the barbiturates. Great skill must be exercised in using the drug because often a dose of picrotoxin that would be fatal to normal individuals must be administered to neutralize large over-doses of the barbiturates. Actually, there are no reliable statistics because of the humanitarian desire of the physician to spare the patient and his relatives the stigma of "attempted suicide" — but it is a common medical impression that more attempted suicides with barbiturates fail than with any other means.

The barbiturates, like alcohol and tobacco, are capable of causing habituation when used steadily by those who are constitutionally unable to exercise normal self-control. However, Professor Sollmann expresses the accepted authoritative view on the subject in stating, "There is no dangerous cumulation, and practically no habituation, no need for increase of dosage, and relatively small liability of addiction, none beyond that entailed by the desire for easy sleep."

The need for sleeping pills is usually only temporary, but unfortunately it is also frequent. Which brings us to where we started: the mental causes of insomnia. Nothing probably proves so conclusively the unnatural tempo

of modern living as does the prevalence of insomnia among city-folk and all who live more by their minds than by the sweat of their bodies. Nearly all such people engage in more mental and nervous activity than is

good for their bodies. The cure of insomnia is a problem in mental hygiene. When we have learned to switch off the dynamo of the brain — and it can be learned — there will be little need for drugs to do the job.



After Victory —

The times that tried men's souls are over — and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew, gloriously and happily accomplished. But to pass from the extremes of danger to safety — from the tumult of war to the tranquillity of peace — though sweet in contemplation, requires a gradual composure of the senses to receive it. . . .

In this pause then of recollection — while the storm is ceasing, and the long-agitated mind vibrating to a rest — let us look back on the scenes we have passed, and learn from experience what is yet to be done.

Never, I say, had a country so many openings to happiness as this. . . . Her cause was good. Her principles just and liberal. Her temper serene and firm. Her conduct regulated by the nicest steps, and everything about her wore the mark of honor. It is not every country (perhaps there is not another in the world) that can boast so fair an origin. Even the first settlement of America corresponds with the character of the revolution. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians. Plunder and rapine made her rich, and her oppression of millions made her great. But America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the states by which she rose to empire.

The remembrance then of what is past, if it operates rightly, must inspire her with the most laudable of an ambition, that of adding to the fair fame she began with. The world has seen her great in adversity. . . . Let then, the world see that she can bear prosperity; and that her honest virtue in time of peace is equal to the bravest virtue in time of war.

— TOM PAINE, *The Crisis Papers*, 1783

BLACK MAGIC IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

BY WENZELL BROWN

IN HARLEM today there exists a powerful yet little known factor hampering the progress of democracy in race relations and public welfare. It is obeah — a practice carried by African tribesmen into the Virgin Islands and from there transported to the United States.

Voodoo immediately comes to mind when obeah is mentioned, but they are two totally different phenomena. The ancient symbolic rites comprising voodoo are performed according to a set tribal pattern; a priest and priestess participate in the presence of a sacred fetish or totem. No loud drums or festive dances mark the performances of obeah; nor are these mere mock ceremonies held for tourists. The black art of obeah depends on fear, hate, ignorance and superstition. Its practitioners do their work of punishment or retribution with the sole aid of a primitive and deadly alchemy. In the final analysis, obeah is a compound of hypnotism, mass psychology, herbal experimentation, dangerous drugs and sheer flim-flam.

The Virgin Islands provide ample

evidence of obeah's active influences on native life. Even a casual visitor cannot remain unaware of its prevalence. Each house in the country is marked with a cross to defeat the evil eye. On the roof of each are ninety-nine grains of sands placed there to foil any prowling werewolf who may seek to enter. The werewolf must count these grains and when he has counted ninety-nine, he will search and search for the hundredth. Then he will count again and again until dawn comes and he must return, frustrated, to the human skin he shed in the night.

The court records of St. Thomas can produce hundreds of cases involving obeah, and dozens of men have been sentenced to die for dabbling in the occult arts. Today almost every case that reaches St. Thomas's Federal courthouse has some connection with obeah; a Virgin Islander who faces trial for any offense will seek the advice of a powerful obeah man in preference to that of a lawyer. Strangely enough, obeah indirectly affects every American tax-payer since politically domi-

WENZELL BROWN, author, world-traveler and former professor of English in one of China's largest universities, is best known for Hongkong Aftermath, the story of seven months spent in a Hongkong prison. He has just completed a new book, Dynamite on Our Doorstep — Puerto Rican Paradox, to be published by Greenberg this fall.

nant obeah men will, to a great extent, determine how a ten-million-dollar grant from the U. S. government will be spent in the Islands.

The obeah man is a curious figure, for the dirtier, the more deformed or eccentric he may be, the greater is the credence in his power. The belief in obeah is kept alive through the telling and retelling of legends which are called Nancy stories in the Virgin Islands and Harlem. These Nancy stories are told to children by their mothers to enforce obedience, by older children to younger, at the market place or in the streets. The word Nancy comes from the Ashanti word *Anansi*, which is a big, long-legged, black spider that carries about a large white sack. This spider is symbolic of the obeah man and the more closely he resembles it, the greater is the awe which he inspires. For many years, the most successful practitioner of obeah in Charlotte Amalie was a spindly little hunchback who crawled about the streets of the ancient city on all fours.

Wherever money changes hands the obeah man is present. Horse racing, the favorite sport in the Islands, has been particularly victimized. Seldom does an owner or a jockey enter a race with clean hands. The obeah men have cast their spells on each horse; the race is viewed as a duel of mystic powers of the local practitioners. Signs, mysterious drugs, ointments that emit confusing odors are all part of the stock in trade. And there are also instances where the procurement

of the materials for these charms has led to murder.

The court records reveal the case of a young Virgin Island Negro who was found dead one morning, his body half immersed in the water of a trickling stream. A huge tamarind tree cast flickering shadows across the corpse and hacked on the tree's trunk were the crude symbols of obeah's mystic rites. The police examination of the body brought to light the fact that the heart had been removed with other organs. The investigation which followed revealed that this youth had been murdered at the instigation of an obeah man. The motive had been to obtain a healthy, human heart which was ground up and fed to a race horse in order that it might win on the following day. No record is obtainable concerning the outcome of this race, so the effectiveness of this diet cannot be traced.

II

American business men who come to the Islands are usually perplexed at first by the superstitions and fears that dominate their workmen. But most of them have learned to turn obeah to their own advantage. The use of obeah is always regarded by the natives as fraught with danger for there is such a thing as "double obeah." If you try to practise spells on a man with "bigger obi," they will be turned right back; you will suffer as you intended that your victim should. Thus a young American who came

to St. Croix to take charge of a sugar plantation found it necessary to discharge one of the colored hands who was dirty and lazy. Others among the Negroes begged him not to do so, claiming that the offender was a powerful obeah man. A few days later the American found the workers clustered in front of the gate of the plantation unwilling to enter. A small lavender silk bag lay in the path. None would pass it. The American, in spite of weeping protests, picked up the bag. Inside he found red and black tissue paper crumpled about a crudely carved wooden heart.

The young man built a little bonfire of the cloth, paper and wood, drew a circle about the flames and decorated it with some nonsense symbols. Then he walked leisurely away. A few hours later the discharged Negro began to complain of heart pains. He became so obsessed with the idea that the American had "put an obi" on him that he ran around the streets screaming and clawing at his chest. Finally, he had to be removed to a hospital, where he was judged insane by the doctors. The young American has become one of the most successful of the Island's business men. He has never had the slightest trouble with his workmen. Not one of them would cross a man with such "powerful obeah."

At night muffled tambours sound softly in the hills. Flickering lights move in the thick underbrush. The rites are secret and only a few attend. The Islanders huddle in their houses and talk in muted tones. In a shop on

the main street a high school boy puts a nickel in a juke box and Cab Calloway's band begins to play.

The fat proprietress switches the box off.

"Better fo' no make music to-night," she whispers. "Obeah man git mighty sore."

"That all nonsense," answers the lanky colored boy. "Mist' Jarvis, our teacher, done tell us so."

The woman shakes her finger. "You all want ter fergit all dat — you and Mist' Jarvis both. You ain' so big, you dasts fight agin the jumbies. Jumbies mighty pow'ful in these Islands still. Black boy better not fergit."

The boy was soon to learn how powerful the jumbies really are. Mr. Jarvis has been stripped of his position, his salary has been withheld, and he has been ostracized by order of the Legislative Assembly — because he dared to speak and write against obeah and to reveal some of its most dangerous practices.

The word "jumbie" is an ancient Popo tribal term that has been corrupted to "zombie" in some parts of the West Indies. There its meaning has been shifted, too. The jumbie is the spirit of a living person which has been detached from the body. This detached spirit may rove about at will, discernible only as a slight phosphorescence, or it may enter another person or an animal. Meanwhile, the body from which the spirit has departed lies stiff and cold, in a trance. Sometimes a green glow lights the

body, and the odor of decay is present. The jumbie may enter the body of another man and cause him to commit a crime. When this happens, responsibility for the act is difficult to place.

The duppy is the spirit of a dead person. A capable obeah man should be able to communicate with any specified duppy. If the duppy is unhappy and wandering about his old home, the obeah man will tell how the duppy may be placated. Usually sums of money or supplies of food placed in secret spots, known only to the obeah man, will turn the trick. Children who die before they reach the age of puberty present the most difficult problem to the practitioners. These youngsters grow up in jumbi-dom and frequently return to the scenes of their old homes to "bewail their virginity," and to attempt to remedy this defect. Many a well-intentioned Virgin Islander has been lured from his homeward path by these children, and the recounting of such experiences have added spice to the local Nancy stories.

A third figure which appears frequently in the Virgin Islands is the hag. The hag is a person who can shed his or her skin. Usually this person goes to a cool secluded spot, often in the shadow, or in the branches, of a cotton-silk tree. As the skin peels, a strong odor like that of decaying fish or rotting wood emanates from the body. The flesh turns a dully glowing green; the body takes the form of a giant egg. The disembodied hag is now invisible and may assume the form of

a werewolf or vampire bat. The hag's favorite pastimes are sucking blood or "drawing shadows" of children. A child unfortunate enough to have his shadow "drawn" will soon pine away and die. The only remedy is to find an obeah man who can locate the guilty hag; then if the hag can be placated by gifts, the hag or the obeah agent can cure the child by dandling and kissing.

Wise parents protect their children from the dangers of this shadowing by hiring an obeah man to wash the child soon after birth. This bath is given in water which has been made red with native roots. Mysterious words are mumbled over the infant's head and for a few cents the child is immune to "shadowing" for life.

Common objects may inspire the Virgin Islander with great fear. An ordinary lime cut in two placed before his door will fill him with such terror that he will not enter his house again until an obeah man has conjured the evil away. The juice of the open lime sucks in evil and passes it into the body of any who steps where it has lain. Painful swelling of the feet and elephantiasis are symptomatic of negligence in this matter.

The common lizard and the salamander are also viewed with horror, for the hag often takes possession of the bodies of these creatures and thus brings disease and trouble into a house. Wild screams of terror, the sounds of blows, imprecations and prayers have frequently brought a visiting American to a native cabin only to find an entire household in a frenzy of hys-

teria because a lizard has entered their home. He must not only be driven out but killed, and an obeah man hired to cleanse the cabin.

The unfortunate lizard caught in an obeah man's net may suffer a truly horrible death. Perhaps a man accused of a crime will hire the obeah man's services. In such a case, the lizard will be given the name of the judge or a complaining witness. The obeah man will incant mystic words over the lizard. Jaws pried open and tongue cut out, the lizard, addressed by the name of the man whom it represents, will be solemnly enjoined to remain quiet and let the prisoner go free. After that it will be trussed up with slices of palm fronds and placed under the bed of the accused. The lizard may be taken out at stated intervals, whipped and warned that it will be sliced into small pieces if orders are disobeyed.

III

Perhaps the most legitimate source of income for an obeah man comes from protection of the sugar cane crops. When an obeah man has been appointed guardian over a cane field, there are few natives hardy enough to steal from this protected area. The would-be thief will have heard too many horrible Naney stories of what happens under such circumstances. Hands have been known to turn black and drop off; legs have become swollen and hearts shriveled when the obeah man has been defied. Worst of all, the

obeah man controls the snakes and he who steals from a protected field will surely be bitten.

The obeah man cares for his field openly so that all may be warned. He brings with him a bottle of discolored water, a triangular board to which is attached a black triangle of cloth, a bag supposedly made of human skin, an egg, nails, beans and an assortment of colored rags. He must also have a three-pronged pole about six feet long and a wisp of dried plantain. He measures out the field and plants the pole in the exact middle. Then the bottle of water is placed in the fork and the egg carefully dropped in the water. The obeah man now talks to the egg, giving it instructions, saying who may and who may not enter the field.

He ends with the warning, "Any mon wha' he name I no say come into this field, you fly after and bite." After that he calls together the laborers and talks to them seriously. "You steal one piece of cane outa this field, you gwan git awful belly-ache. Don't yo call on me. I aina gwine cure you — you gwanna die sure."

Each day, for twenty-eight days, the obeah man goes to the field to look at the bottle which contains the egg. After the third day a thin black line can be seen about the egg's center. This thickens daily, until on the twenty-eighth day the egg breaks open and a thin black snake emerges. The obeah man need visit the field no longer, for now the snake has become the guardian of the cane.

The largest portion of the obeah

man's income comes from love potions of various kinds and advice on matters of the heart. Hair, perspiration and blood are three common ingredients known to the Islanders as "exciters of love." For example, a person who wishes to excite another may burn a portion of his hair and grind it into a fine powder. This is placed in the victim's food, and the dosage must be repeated three times before it takes effect.

When these common preparations do not create the desired result, an obeah man or an obeah woman is consulted. Usually they will recommend their own special concoctions. Some of these exciters are quite harmless, but others have been known to contain such dangerous ingredients as hashish, dried feces, or disease-bearing

entrails of animals, as well as many strange local herbs. Though death has resulted a good many times from these love potions, local police officials have always been puzzled as to how such cases should be treated when they reach the courts.

Obeah at first glance may appear amusing and relatively harmless. But this is far from accurate. The many obeah men who have immigrated from the Virgin Islands into this country are enemies of all progress for the Negro. They carry on a lush business in Harlem, seeking to create distrust in all public welfare organizations and especially in medical clinics. They are using every means in their power to widen the gap between the races and to stimulate misunderstandings that nurture race hatred.



Democracy —

Democracy is the healthful life-blood which circulates through the veins and arteries, which supports the system, but which ought never to appear externally, and as the mere blood itself.

— S. T. COLERIDGE

Democracy gives every man the right to be his own oppressor.

— J. R. LOWELL

Democracy has two excesses to be wary of: the spirit of inequality, which leads it to aristocracy, and the spirit of extreme equality, which leads it to despotism.

— C. L. DE MONTESQUIEU

THE THEATRE'S ALL-TIME HIT

By JOE LAURIE, JR.

THE producers of such recent hits as *Life With Father*, *Oklahoma!* and *Arsenic and Old Lace* have considered themselves very lucky in having shows that carried over for more than three seasons. But anybody whose memory of the theatre goes back to the turn of the century could demonstrate to them easily enough that their luck isn't really so remarkable. *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Tobacco Road* with almost seven years to their credit, *Life With Father* with its six-year run, and *The Drunkard* now entering its thirteenth year, are mere infants compared with *The Old Homestead* which ran for more than thirty years in the early nineties, and *Rip Van Winkle*, starring the eminent Joseph Jefferson, which played during the same period for almost as long. In those days, shows were not only durable but tended to mushroom all over the country. Once twenty-seven troupes were busy simultaneously with *Pinafore*, and back in 1885 there were 117 concurrent performances of *The Mikado* on view from coast to coast. But nothing in

the theatre has ever compared with the lachrymose melodrama that was spun out of *Uncle Tom's Cabin or Life Among the Lowly* by one G. L. Aiken in 1852.

Uncle Tom's Cabin as Harriet Beecher Stowe first related it in novel form was a pretty crude business. On the stage, it didn't get any smoother. But for all its hokum, I am certain that *Uncle Tom* in the theatre did more to spread the gospel of emancipation than did the novel, which went to nearly a million copies during and after the Civil War. It was a Miss Asa Hutchinson who was responsible for the dramatization of the book. Miss Hutchinson, a member of a touring family troupe who sang mournfully of the evils of alcohol, got excited about doing a stage version of *Uncle Tom* as soon as she laid eyes on it. But Mrs. Stowe refused to have the book made into a play because she felt it was un-Christian to identify herself with stage folk. The copyright laws, however, were lax enough at the time to permit Asa to order the dramatization

JOE LAURIE, JR., writer, comedian and a star of the radio program, *Can You Top This?*, has been in "show business" for almost thirty years. His career began as the "youngest star on Broadway" in *Plain Jane*, and since then he has written and starred in numerous musical and legitimate plays. At present, he is completing a history of vaudeville, which is tentatively titled *Here Lies Vaudeville*.

whether Harriet liked it or not. Harriet never received a nickel for the dramatic rights to her novel. For that matter, she never got anything out of the two million copies that were sold in England, or out of the twenty-two translations that were made of *Uncle Tom*.

II

The first stage version of *Uncle Tom* started off with a bang in Troy, N. Y., with Mrs. Cordelia Howard as the original Topsy. The play ran for 100 nights, breaking all previous records for the United States. But when it moved to the National Theatre in New York City — then on Chatham Square — it lasted only a couple of weeks. “Insult to the South,” screamed the reviewers. “An exaggerated mockery of Southern institutions . . . most dangerous firebrand to the peace of the whole country.” Nevertheless, when it opened again about a year later, it promptly became a hit and ran for almost a year. Beside the National, the only other theatre in New York at the time was the Bowery, which makes *Uncle Tom*’s first year even more amazing.

The original *Uncle Tom* dramatized by Mr. Aiken was a lengthy matter, involving six acts, eight tableaux and thirty scenes. With copyright protection a simple thing to evade, other versions sprang up just as soon as Mr. Aiken’s became a success. P. T. Barnum had his own *Uncle Tom*, the Bowery Theatre also had one, and even the

National, after a huge success with the Aiken work, put on another author’s conception of the piece in which Uncle Tom settled down to a pleasant existence on the plantation. By 1854, there were lantern slides of *Uncle Tom* being shown in all kinds of churches and town halls, and a burlesque opera of the play, which ended with a dance called *Pop Goes the Weasel*, had a prosperous run. Just one year after the outbreak of the Civil War, *Uncle Tom* was being shown in four New York theatres simultaneously. In 1869 a German version turned up at the Stadt Theatre under the title of *Onkel Tom’s Hütte*, and it was closely followed by an English version. The English notion of life on a southern plantation was pretty generally confused. “Mahster,” said one character in blackface, “do you know where such courses h’end? They’ll h’end in ‘ell.” The scenery in the London production depicted Kentucky in the summertime with snow-capped mountains and revealed formidable icebergs floating around in the Ohio River.

Music was always an important part of *Uncle Tom*. When Eliza crossed the ice, the orchestra would play “chase music” such as the overture from *William Tell*, and Little Eva went to heaven to the sad strains of *Hearts and Flowers*. Years later, the silent films followed this lead in accompanying their celluloid scenes. In the “Tom Shows” it was virtually impossible to change the traditional music. People insisted that *Uncle Tom* be played in a tried and true fashion, and they per-

mitted no one to tinker with anything about it.

Some of the greatest actors and actresses came from the lowly "Tom Shows." George W. L. Fox of Humpty Dumpty fame was a "Tommer," and so was William Warren and W. J. LeMoyné; Emily Rigl and Lotta Crabtree (who was the richest actress in America) were among the many who played Topsy; and Little Eva was portrayed by Fay Templeton and Mary Pickford. The late Henrietta Crossman once played Eliza; H. H. Stoddard, Wilton Lackaye and David Belasco all played Uncle Tom; William A. Mestayer excelled in the part of Phineas Fletcher; H. H. Hackett, the father of James K., was the St. Clare in the first performance of *Uncle Tom* in Detroit.

III

It was after the Civil War that *Uncle Tom* really became the overwhelming favorite of the country. The propaganda aspect had vanished and the play became something that anyone could laugh and cry at loudly and copiously. There were 200 "Tom Shows" involving 1200 actors playing in the United States at one time. The usual "Tom Show" played mostly under canvass and customers paid a ten-cent admission charge to see it. There was also an extra charge of a dime for those who wanted to hear the "concert" (a variety bit) that followed the main performance. Nearly every good "Tommer" could double with a

specialty of some sort, even those who toured around the rural areas in wagons. It was a very poor "Tom Show" that didn't carry a band; as a matter of fact, many of them carried orchestras almost as large as the Philharmonic. There were many ways of boosting attendance at *Uncle Tom*, which was a product subject to fierce competition. Managers thought nothing of advertising "Double Tom Shows" in which there were two of everything — from two Toms to two Evas. On arriving in a town, the "Tommers" made a point of staging a parade, with Little Eva as the *pièce de résistance* driving a team of Shetland ponies. Since there were no royalties and since expert "Tommers" could double in almost any rôle in the play, *Uncle Tom* was a favorite of shoe-string managers. Many times five actors made up the whole cast which necessitated a bit of rewrite so that certain characters didn't meet each other during the performance. More or less in the manner of a ship's hull attracting barnacles, *Uncle Tom* through the years acquired a wealth of ad-libs that became traditional, and actors were expected to know all of them without consulting any script. Indeed, it was seldom that a manager provided himself with a script since all the actors were supposed to know *Uncle Tom* backwards before they attempted to sign up with a "Tom Show."

"Tom Shows" were, for a while, barred in many Southern states. But presently Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana,

Missouri and Mississippi relented; and became fine territories for the shows, as were the Northern states in general. Some states in the deep South, though, never gave up their prejudice against *Uncle Tom*. When a "Tom Show" company landed in forbidden areas, it was customary for the manager to shift suddenly to a less controversial melodrama. If the Southerners even suspected that there was a "Tom Show" in their midst, however disguised, they promptly burned it up and stoned the actors out of town.

Year after year, the *Clipper* and the *Dramatic Mirror*, which were two of the oldest theatrical trade papers, would carry ads of "Tom Shows." Every character became a type. "He's a good Legree," or "She's a good Eva" was description enough for any "Tommer." The ads in the trade papers indicated the scope expected of a "Tommer." For example:

Wanted, man for Tom, and small girl for Eva. Trombone, clarinet, cornet. Can always use other useful Tom people. Address *Clipper*.

Musicians to double stage; woman with child for Eva. Man with good set of dogs to double. Strong cornet B. & O.

Piano player to double brass; man for Phineas and Legree; colored man for Tom who can also do specialties. . . . Pay your own.

To Tom musicians, "B. & O." meant double in band and orchestra. Bands were used in the parade and orchestras for the show. "Double stage" meant take part in the performance

after playing in the parade. "Pay your own" meant that the outfit was a "hotel show" and didn't furnish "pecking and padding" (sleeping and eating) as many of the "car shows" did. Most of the shows carried Great Danes instead of bloodhounds, since bloodhounds usually looked too amiable and sleepy to have much dramatic effect. Even the Great Danes, however, sometimes got so lethargic that they had to be spurred on in chasing Eliza by a few blasts of buckshot from the wings. Many a terrible actor got a job with a "Tom Show" simply because he had half a dozen good-looking dogs. The beasts were not only a dramatic asset; they came in handy when a company went broke since they could always be left with hotel proprietors in lieu of rent.

It was around 1931 that the "Tom Shows" disappeared entirely in the United States. The players have had a revival since then, and the Duncan Sisters have done *Topsy and Eva*, based on the old show. In 1938 George Abbott produced a show called *Sweet River*, which was practically *Uncle Tom* set to music. But there isn't anything like the genuine "Tom Shows" around now. Nevertheless, I'll bet a good many children, movies or no movies, would like to see the hounds baying after poor Eliza, and Little Eva going up to heaven on a wire, and Simon Legree beating poor old Tom. There's life, I insist, in the "Tom Show" yet; and I wish somebody would revive it all over again.

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVORE

House-Flies

ONE of the persisting and perilous manifestations of human vanity is the fact that while we do not mind admitting to being frightened of very large and obviously catastrophic enemies (such as a lion or an avalanche or a pack of wolves), we are reluctant to admit that there can be any threat to us from enemies that are very much smaller than we are. A brave man who falls over a cliff and fractures his leg does not mind conceding that he has been seriously jeopardized and that he needs a doctor. He need not be ashamed to confess that a fall from a cliff constitutes a calamity which it is not beneath his dignity or his bravery to acknowledge. But it is frequently very difficult to persuade the man who has merely torn his skin on a piece of rusty farm machinery that he is in deadly danger of being overpowered and killed by an infinitesimal organism called *Bacillus tetanus*. We hate to make the admission that our human life — such a stout, strong, doughty thing, such a thing of power and pride — is susceptible to erasure by contemptible little enemies of which a legion can congregate on the point of a pin.

Our pride-born sentiments in this regard have been a grave difficulty in

the way of the progress of public health. What hearty fellow wants to admit that he may be murdered by a mosquito? What lumberjack with cast-iron muscles and a stride like thunder is readily going to come around to acknowledging that a mouthful of drinking-water may drop him in his tracks like a felled ox? We human beings have moved mountains, created lakes and destroyed them at our pleasure, and in a late act of god-like stupendousness have split the atom. Are we to be alarmed by house-flies?

Of all the small and trivial-seeming forms of life which we have found it difficult to acknowledge as major menaces to our human lives, house-flies have been, and continue to be, perhaps the most difficult for us to take seriously. After all, we can sometimes see for ourselves — in the dreadful and convincing sequence of cause and effect — what may happen to the man who has received *Bacillus tetanus* into him and ignored it. When a mosquito stings us, there is at least a lively burning and itching to make it plausible to us that we have had a hypodermic injection of poison, and we may be able to imagine, under the urging of science, what deadly freights

may accompany that poison pumped into our blood stream. But no one ever sees the link of cause-and-effect between a fly buzzing harmlessly on a man's sunny window-pane and the man lying dead of anthrax. A house-fly does not even bite. Horse-flies and sheep-flies bite; and we may see, with a reasonably ready perception of the linkage, the cases of bots and staggers that are engendered. But a house-fly does nothing at all, except buzz around the dinner-table and vex housewives with a few flyspecks on the ceiling . . . and abound and multiply in myriads which attest to how negligible we still persist in supposing the familiar *Musca domestica* to be.

If we are ever to get over our habit of ignoring house-flies, and are to realize that the buzz of flies is more murderous in its implications than the buzz of rattlesnakes, it can only be by means of an instructed familiarity with the house-fly's natural history.

II

A house-fly is an almost uniquely effective instrument for the distribution of disease. There are two reasons for that effectiveness: one of them, the fly's physical structure; the other, the pattern of its life-cycle and behavior.

The entire body of a house-fly is covered with fine, close-growing hairs. Not only is the body itself a densely pilous catch-all for every loose particle of matter with which the fly comes in contact, but even the fly's six legs and feet, and indeed even the seemingly

smooth veined wings, are covered with a soft microscopic furring. Supplementing these microscopic all-over hairs, the fly has innumerable longer hairs and bristles. A house-fly may accurately be likened to a brush: a brush that picks up thousands of fragments of wandering matter, carries them wherever the fly may go, and disperses them wherever the fly alights and vibrates its buzzing wings.

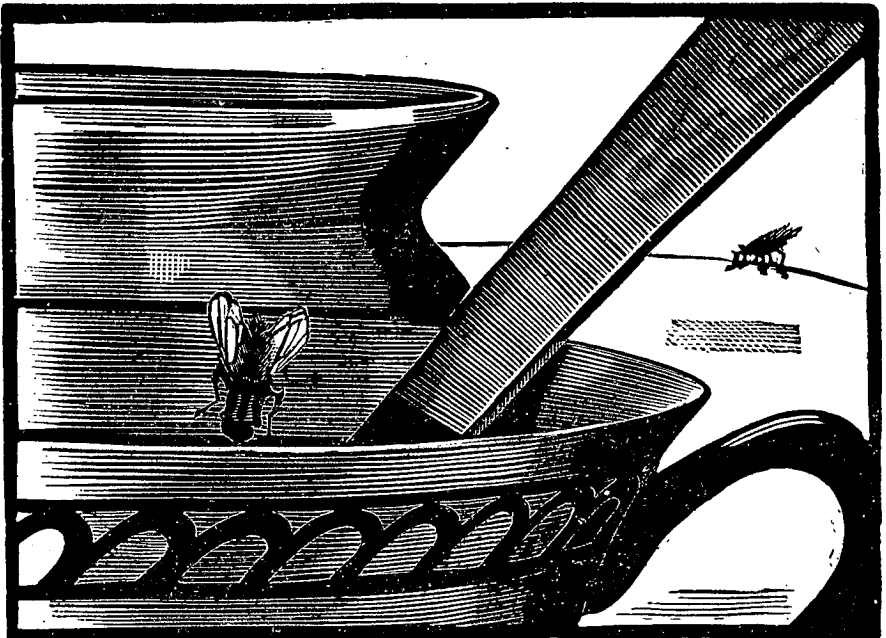
The house-fly's hairiness would alone make it an extraordinary carrier. But there are additional factors. One of these is the structure of the last segment of each of the fly's legs. Each leg terminates in two soft membranous pads. These are the fly's pulvillae. On these the fine hairs become myriad; and the pulvillae continually exude a glutinous secretion. It is by means of these hairy, mucilaginous pads that a fly walks upside-down on the ceiling or easily negotiates a polished pane of window-glass. It is also by means of them that a fly, wandering over any substance, tracks at least a part of it onto whatever substance it may next explore. As further factor in the fly's extraordinary equipment for the transportation of particles of matter, there is its characteristic insect-neatness; its habit, when its feet and body-hairs have become clogged with accumulated debris, of flying to a clean place and performing an elaborate toilette; scraping and preening and grooming itself, scattering the debris that has bedraggled it.

Were the pattern of a house-fly's

life as innocuous as a woods-haunting luna moth's, it would still, by the nature of its anatomy, disseminate a good many humanly dangerous micro-organisms. But its life-pattern is in fact of a kind to make it so bacterially deadly to us that entomologists have more than once expressed a pleased surprise that we have been able to succeed at all in co-inhabiting the earth with flies. A female house-fly lays her eggs, by preference, in horse manure. If such dung is unavailable, she may use any other kind of animal droppings or rotting offal. She lays, in a single depositing, upwards of a hundred or a hundred and fifty eggs.

They are each far tinier than a pin-head; but their survival-strength is very great and their maturation astonishingly fast.

Under normally favorable conditions, not more than twenty-four hours are required before the fly's white, elongate little egg, incubating in the warm bacteria-swarming medium provided by the dung, hatches forth a dull white maggot, sharply pointed at its head-end, bluntly truncated at the rear. Immediately the maggot begins feeding upon the abundant products of the putrefaction in which it finds itself. It is hardly a day old, usually, before its



House-Fly

Frank Utpatel

intake has so swollen its near-transparent body that it splits its skin, moults, and comes out in a new and larger skin. Incessantly the maggot feeds; and two or three times, within as many days, it moults and re-moults. By the fourth day it has completed the entire caterpillar-stage which in many insects requires a number of weeks, and has become ready for pupation. It creeps from its place in the nutrient offal and seeks a sheltering spot for its metamorphosis: in the leaf-mold or ground-litter, or sometimes, by shallow tunneling, just under the surface of the soil.

The pupation is as speedy a process as was the larval period. Within about three days the metamorphosing insect has formed the striped body, the veined wings, the multi-faceted eyes, of an adult fly. Above its antennae it has formed a protrusible membranous sac. It inflates the sac, swells, and pushes. The end of the pupa-case is forced off . . . and there buzzes up into the air an adult house-fly. The entire cycle of its generation, from egg to adult, has taken only some ten days. Now, as an adult, it is ready immediately for breeding. Its hairy body teeming with the accumulated germs acquired from its environment during infancy, it whirrs away to breed and feed.

A house-fly is omnivorous. It sustains its huge energy, its monstrous fecundity, by feeding on almost every kind of matter from which nourishment can be extracted. But a house-fly, unlike the biting stable-flies, is

not equipped with any effective mechanism for chewing. Its mouth-parts are only soft, fleshy lobes at the tip of its proboscis. Before it can partake of a foodstuff, the food must be softened to a semi-liquid. This requirement of the house-fly, and the house-fly's mode of meeting it, are responsible for that detail of *Musca domestica's* natural history which constitutes its final and particular peril to man as a carrier. When a fly goes wandering over the contents of the sugar-bowl, it is engaged in more than just an inspection. It is engaged in softening the particles of sugar so that it can eat them. The fly's operation consists of spewing out upon the sugar a mixture of its spittle and the regurgitated contents of its digestive tract. When the vomited droplet has sufficiently softened the particles on which it has been deposited, the fly re-swallows the now-enriched mixture. A performance of very similar kind is being carried out when we see a fly leaving a flyspeck on the ceiling. Some flyspecks, of course, are the fly's excreta; but most commonly they are small stains left by a peculiarity of the fly's feeding. Because a fly's life is hurried and dangerous, the fly habitually eats and drinks much more rapidly than it can digest. It takes in as much as it can swallow, and stores it in a food-sac that lies just under the stomach. Then, retiring to a quiet place, it regurgitates what it has crammed, and leisurely re-eats, in proper fashion, as much as it is able.

The natural history of a house-fly is

not a pretty thing to set down or to read. But it is an important thing to be set down and to be read. We require to reach the realization that a house-fly is not a trivial object in the landscape. It is not a negligible enemy, beneath our attention. It is capable — this small, stingless, harmless haunter of everywhere — of carrying among us gigantic freights of typhoid, trachoma, anthrax, cholera, tuberculosis. By laboratory record, house-flies transport the organisms of more than thirty diseases. By laboratory record,

the fuzzy viscous-footed body of one single house-fly may bear five million bacteria.

An enemy may be a very small enemy but succeed by the legions of its numbers. A single fly is perhaps not impressive. But the larval flies in a summer manure-pile run to a thousand in the pound. The offspring of one single pair of flies, in the average nine generations that occur from mid-April to September, will come to a total, if they all survive, of 335,923,200,000,000 flies.



RESURRECTION

BY NANCY TELFAIR

I do not want to be a separate
 Identity, an individual
 Now in this lonely world of temporal
 Ambition, where the floods of love and hate
 And questioning serve but to agitate
 The stream and reach no littoral
 Of safe serenity; I have no wish to call
 Myself by name, but rather, integrate
 Whatever I might be in larger streams
 Of thought that hoists up worlds and challenges
 The fabric of intent, be with the dreams
 Of larger waves on more immortal seas;
 I cannot be what I was once, alone;
 You have encompassed me and you are gone.

MURDER WITHOUT MALICE

By JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN AND VEE PERLMAN

ON THE morning of March 13, 1841, the American square-rigged sailing vessel, *William Brown*, cast loose her lines from a Liverpool dock and worked her way slowly and cautiously through the mist down the Mersey River toward the open sea en route to Philadelphia — a destination she was fated never to reach. The tragedy was not unusual for those days. But what was unusual was the aftermath of her sinking, which was to result in what was perhaps the most extraordinary criminal case ever heard in any court in the United States.

The *Brown* carried, in addition to her cargo, sixty-five Irish and Scottish immigrants traveling steerage. She shipped a crew of fourteen. Ill luck tormented the ship from the start of the voyage. Her captain, George L. Harris, her first mate, Francis Rhodes, and her second mate, Walter Parker, agreed that never before had they encountered such an unending succession of storms and impenetrable fog. On three different occasions the wind tore every yard of her canvas to bits. During an entire month, with the ex-

ception of a day or two, she was forced to slough ahead under shortened sail at a maddeningly slow pace.

About five weeks out of Liverpool, on the night of April 19, a strangely thick fog swathed the vessel. That peculiar chill in the air, familiar to every sailor who travels the northern route, gave warning of the presence of icebergs. Two lookouts instead of the usual one were posted. But in spite of all precautions, just before midnight a towering mass of ice suddenly broke through the fog and struck the wooden vessel with a thunderous crash.

Captain Harris shouted for all hands on deck further to shorten sail and man the pumps. A sailor ran up from below to report a hole at least six feet high and three feet wide had been gashed in the vessel's bow. Investigation convinced Harris the damage could not be repaired, and that the ship was doomed.

Back on deck, he found a terrified crowd of men, women and children. Practically all the passengers had been asleep when the vessel struck. The

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN, former inspector of prisons for the Department of Justice and one-time Deputy Commissioner of Correction in New York City, is the author of *Sex in Prison*. VEE PERLMAN, who collaborated with Mr. Fishman on *Crucibles of Crime*, has written magazine and newspaper articles, scenarios and fiction.

men, with one or two exceptions, wore but a pair of trousers; the women were shivering in nightgowns, over which they had thrown coats or shawls. The screams and shrieks of the steerage passengers, the shouted orders of the crew, added to the confusion. And as a background to all this, there was the raucous creak and whine of the tackle, the sucking noise of the pumps, and the flapping of the sails as the unmanageable vessel yawed and came up in the wind. The mates and one or two of the more self-possessed seamen were trying to man the only two boats the ship carried. Rhodes, the first mate, in the temporary absence of the captain, had ordered these released from the davits and swung over the side.

Soon Captain Harris took charge. With the help of his officers, he managed to launch the longboat. But neither he nor his crew could stem the wild rush of hysterical passengers as they crowded headlong into the boat as it was lowered.

Under the captain's instructions, Rhodes went into the longboat. Parker, the second officer, took charge of the lowering of the smaller jollyboat which swung from the stern. Captain Harris then ordered Parker to attach a rope from the jollyboat to the longboat, so both could be maneuvered out of the way of the schooner and would not be sucked down in the undertow when she sank.

Only six or seven people boarded the jollyboat which had been overlooked by many in the frenzied scram-

ble to reach the longboat. But thirty-one passengers were unable to get into either boat. They were forced to remain on the *Brown*. They crowded around Harris, pawing and clawing at him, beseeching him to save them.

Down on the water Parker, in the jollyboat, was shouting at the captain for God's sake to come on, that the vessel would be going down any minute, and he could not possibly do any good for himself or anyone else by remaining longer on the doomed ship.

Harris hesitated. Parker persisted in his plea. Suddenly Harris pushed the crowd away, ran aft, swung himself over the stern and slid down the davit ropes into the waiting jollyboat. Parker cast the craft loose, and the two boats, tied together, slowly drifted away from the rapidly settling schooner.

The members of the crew pulled on their oars, trying to put as much distance as possible between them and the *Brown*. By the time they were a few feet away, all they could see was the vague outline of the schooner, already down by the head; and looming through the fog, the faint glimmer of a lantern still alight in the rigging. The frantic screams of those left behind, their curses and prayers, their heartbreaking pleas for those in the boats not to desert them, rolled across the water. These cries followed the small boats for a dreadful half-hour. Then there was a sudden silence as the *Brown* heaved, wallowed drunkenly, and went down, carrying with her the thirty-one passengers left aboard.

II

The thirty-five or forty who had crowded into the longboat were huddled close together, shivering and half-naked. In the darkness and fog, it was difficult to tell one from another.

For six hours, until five in the morning, the two boats drifted aimlessly about. At sunrise as the fog began to lift, Captain Harris shouted to Rhodes that he was going to cut loose and try to take the jollyboat to Newfoundland. He advised Rhodes, in charge of the longboat, to do the same. The mate did not reply to the suggestion. Instead he said, "Captain, we're terribly overloaded. Can't you take some of our people?"

"No," Harris answered. "We'd be swamped."

The mate persisted. "We have no sails; we're leaking badly and the boat's so low in the water she's unmanageable. I'm afraid we'll have to do something about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied the captain.

"Well?"

There followed a long silence. Then Harris called slowly, "Only — as — a — last resort, Rhodes."

"Yes, sir," came the response.

The captain shouted to his men in the longboat: "Men, I'm leaving Mr. Rhodes in command. I want you to obey him. Give me your word for it."

As the crew in the longboat agreed, the jollyboat with Captain Harris in charge cut loose. The two ships parted, each a tiny shell bobbing about on the

Atlantic, 250 miles from the nearest land.

Surrounded by ice floes, drenched by a freezing rain which had begun to fall, the discomfort of those in the longboat was acute. The danger of being capsized by the large floating chunks of ice was ever-present. Part of the group sat on the thwarts, their feet in the icy water which the boat was constantly shipping. The rest lay huddled between the seats. The water poured in from a dozen leaks, and continuous bailing was necessary.

Daylight brought little relief. The fog still hung like a curtain of impenetrable wool. Soon the wind began to mount and the sea to rise. The depth of the water in the boat crept up, bringing new terrors to the hearts of the miserable occupants. Rhodes called Alexander William Holmes, one of the crew, and whispered to him.

Holmes, strong, young and handsome, was an exceptionally able and intelligent seaman. He had a dominating personality and the ability to handle himself well in any emergency. Unobtrusively, but nevertheless definitely, as the hours passed he had been assuming command of the little boat — giving orders about the bailing, the division of the scanty food supply and the other details essential to comfort and safety, apparently with Rhodes's tacit acquiescence. Indeed, the latter seemed stunned by the weight of responsibility thrust upon him.

The passengers watched the confer-

ence between the two men apprehensively. They had already guessed the unvoiced decision made by Captain Harris and Rhodes earlier. They knew it meant that some of the human cargo might be jettisoned. Holmes nodded assent to Rhodes's words. He called to James Murray, a colored seaman, also a man of unusual strength, and in turn whispered to him. Then the passengers heard Holmes say: "Come on, it's got to be done."

The two seamen moved toward Owen Riley, one of the passengers, who was lying near the bow. Holmes directed him to stand up. Riley understood. He shrank back and grabbed at a thwart. "Help me, Isabelle," he called to Mrs. Edgar, another passenger, "for the love of God, tell them to spare me!" The woman did not answer. The frantic man appealed to others. No one replied.

Holmes and Murray grabbed Riley, wrenched his hand away from the thwart and pulled him upright. The struggle of the three men, thrashing about in the overcrowded boat almost upset it. But Riley was no match for the two sailors. Finally Holmes picked him up, pinioned his arms, and hurled him over the side. There was a scream and a splash, while shrieks rose from the other occupants of the boat. Riley was gone.

George Duffee's turn came next. The two sailors grabbed him. "I've got a wife and three children," he pleaded. "For their sakes, spare me."

But Holmes was adamant, and said

quietly: "It's no use, Duffee — you've got to go, too." Again the struggle, a despairing shriek and the cries and sobs of the women in the boat. Then silence.

The next victim, James McAvoy, made no attempt to beg for his life. He said calmly, "Just give me five minutes to pray." When he raised his head and said, "I'm ready," Holmes picked him up and tossed him over the side.

During this time Rhodes, nominally in charge, had been sitting in the stern of the boat staring straight ahead. Holmes now glanced inquiringly toward him, as if awaiting further instructions. When he received none, he took hold of James Black, another passenger. For the first time the mate called out, "Let him alone; you must not part man and wife."

Holmes released his hold on Black and grabbed the arm of Frank Askins who, with his two sisters, Mary and Ellen, was huddled in the center of the boat. The girls, begging and pleading, fought to save their brother's life, alternately clinging to him and striking out at Holmes. Both swore if he were thrown overboard, they would go too. Holmes tore Askins loose and threw him into the water. A moment later the two sisters leaped after him.

That day John Welch, Robert Hunter, Thomas Nugent, James Todd, John Wilson, James Smith, Martin McAvoy and Charles Conlin were deliberately drowned; and on the next, Hugh Keegan and two more

passengers followed, until sixteen persons had disappeared into the sea in order to lighten the longboat, now in complete control of Holmes. Wholesale murder had achieved its purpose. The boat rode much easier and did not ship so much water, although continuous bailing was still necessary.

Only passengers — and not one crew member — had been thrown overboard. Those who remained were so weakened by hunger, fear, cold and exposure that they lay, listless, in the bottom of the boat.

Holmes busied himself fashioning a mast out of one of the oars, attempting to rig up some kind of sail out of a shawl or coat. He knew, however, there was not one chance in a hundred that they would ever reach Cape Race, the nearest point of land, and that the odds against their being picked up by another vessel were at least a thousand to one.

But on the third day after the wreck, when the despairing occupants of the boat had given up all hope, Holmes's keen eyes discerned a vessel in the distance. He whipped a shawl from the shoulders of one of the women and waved it wildly back and forth. At the same time he ordered the members of the crew, on threat of being thrown overboard, to row toward the ship.

The half-frozen crewmen made a pitifully weak effort to turn the boat around. They had just succeeded in getting her headed toward the schooner when a small iceberg drifted between the two boats. Long minutes

slipped away as the iceberg floated slowly on its course. Again the rescuers were sighted. Holmes, in the bow, swung the shawl back and forth. Suddenly he shouted: "She's coming about! She's coming about! She sees us!"

He was right. Gradually the ship came within hailing distance. It was the schooner *Crescent* bound from New York to Havre, France. The wretched occupants of the longboat were taken aboard and eventually landed at Havre. Practically all the survivors of the longboat's party, including Rhodes, returned to the United States soon after. There they discovered that those in the jollyboat under Captain Harris had been picked up by another schooner, *La Mère de Famille*, after six days afloat.

III

The officers of the *Crescent* had been the first to learn of the mass murders which had taken place under Rhodes's direction. Soon the story spread over the United States. A horrified public opinion was aroused. Newspapers devoted entire pages to the tragedy, and editorials were written calling for action against the ship's officers as well as Holmes and Murray for their "callous inhumanity" in countenancing and carrying into effect what one paper characterized as "wholesale murder of innocent people whom it was the duty of the ship's officers and crew to protect."

Spurred to action, the Attorney

General's office referred the case to William M. Meredith, U. S. Attorney at Philadelphia, the ship's home port.

Strangely enough, Captain Harris and Rhodes by this time had been offered berths on the *Harry F. Thompson*, a schooner engaged in the South American trade. Instead of arresting them for issuing the fatal orders, or even holding them as witnesses, Meredith permitted them to leave the country after taking their depositions. Parker, the second mate, and an important witness to the conversation between the captain and Rhodes, had disappeared. Curiously enough, the Federal authorities apparently made no effort to find him. James Murray, the Negro sailor who had assisted Holmes in throwing the sixteen passengers overboard, also disappeared. Holmes's case, however, was presented to the grand jury and he was indicted under the Act of April 30, 1790, which provided for the punishment of any sailor who commits homicide on the high seas.

Up to this time no one seemed to have bothered with Holmes's motives for what had taken place, namely, that he had disposed of sixteen persons in order to save the lives of the remaining twenty-five. But now that he alone — and not even Murray who had been his partner in the actual drowning — was to stand trial, public sentiment swung in his favor. For the first time numerous editorials now contended that under a "state of nature" such as existed in the longboat, Holmes's action had been neces-

sary for the salvation of the remaining passengers; that of all the crew he was the only one who showed courage and resourcefulness.

On the other side there were those who asserted that if such a tragic course were necessary, rather than an arbitrary choice of victims, lots should have been drawn. Holmes's supporters answered that with the crowded condition of the boat and the immediacy of the danger, drawing of lots was out of the question. The fact that only passengers and not members of the crew had been thrown overboard called forth a great deal of comment.

On April 13, 1842, after seven months in jail, Holmes was brought to trial before Justice Henry Baldwin of the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia. When the case finally went to the jury, the members were found to be as divided in their opinions as the general public. After sixteen hours of deliberation, the foreman reported they could not agree. Sent back for further deliberation, they spent another ten hours in constant debate before returning to the courtroom. This time they brought in a verdict: guilty — with a recommendation that the defendant receive the mercy of the court.

Holmes was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in solitary confinement at hard labor. The fact that he was also fined twenty dollars added a further strange footnote to this extraordinary case.

To this day there has been no adequate explanation why the Govern-

ment made no attempt to prosecute any of the other members of the *Brown's* crew who were involved.

At the conclusion of the trial thousands of letters poured in to President Tyler, asking that Holmes be granted a pardon. Most of the writers of these letters believed the seaman, who, after all, acted under

orders, had been made a scapegoat. The President, however, refused to commute the sentence and Holmes served out his time. Upon his release, a sympathizer offered him a berth on a schooner which he accepted. Thus ended the case which had become the most violently partisan *cause célèbre* of the decade.



AUTUMN WIFE

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

SHE could not tell the mirror that it lied:
 A deeper line, a silver tracery
 Could not be lessened, could not be denied
 By closing the eyes, by seeming not to see.
 And every young face rising into view
 Like bubbles in a wine, gold as the sun,
 Seemed a potential rival, would renew
 The doubts, the wondering: "*Was this the one?*"

So, meeting years that should have made her wise,
 That should have brought serenity and grace,
 She went with desperation in her eyes
 And too intent upon her mirrored face
 To guess that of all rivals who came near,
 The one that she had most to fear, was fear.

HOW EUROPE'S LOST ARE FOUND

By F. R. ADLERSTEIN

THE major's letter was brief:

We desire to bring to your attention the cases of eight Polish girls stranded in a captured concentration camp on the outskirts of Zwodau, Czechoslovakia. They range in age from thirteen to twenty-six and have spent the last three years in at least five German concentration camps. None has any living relatives on the continent; each is the sole surviving member of her family branch. However, they do have relatives in the United States and we hope that, with the help of the data we submit, you can discover them.

The letter was addressed "to any American welfare society." Two type-written sheets were appended, listing each of the eight girls by name, date and place of birth, giving the names and status of the other members of her immediate family, and stating such information as was available about her American relatives. A typical listing ran:

Lily W —, born 1919 in Bialystok, Poland

Father: David, born 1895, whereabouts unknown

Mother: Martha, born 1897, whereabouts unknown

Sister: Helen, born 1915, executed at Katowice

Sister: Meta, born 1917, executed at Katowice

Brother: Abram, born 1926, executed at Katowice

An uncle, Alfred R —, aged forty, resides in New York City. His wife is named Mary and they have four children.

How Alfred R — and thousands like him have been found and put in touch with members of their families who survived Nazi death factories is a story black with the despair of the orphaned and abandoned, yet illumined with an aura of unquenchable hope. It is a story to prove that man's first need is neither food nor drink nor shelter, neither freedom nor democracy nor opportunity, but *identity* — the knowledge of a place that is uniquely his within a family, a community, a nation. Finally, it is the story of an international network of people and organizations busily and patiently re forging family links broken and scattered by war.

At the center of the network is the Central Location Index, an international clearing house for Europeans who seek contact with their American relatives, and for Americans eager to trace their uprooted European kin. In August of this year, just twelve

F. R. ADLERSTEIN is director of public relations of the Welfare Council of New York City. Her knowledge of the refugee problem was gained during the five years she served as publicity director of the Joint Distribution Committee, an international relief organization.

months after its founding, the Index had a registration of 285,000 names in the first category and 310,000 in the second, and had matched approximately 10,000 of the two. Its lists of Europeans seeking relatives here were growing at the rate of 15,000 to 20,000 a month as Allied occupation troops took stock of concentration and labor camp populations in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. About 400 separate lists had already gone into the Index's master files. Examined individually, they formed a series of touchstones of the fate of the unwanted in Hitler's world:

List No. 221. The names of 800 slave laborers found in a munitions factory in Altenberg, Saxony, Germany. Dated April 1945.

List No. 237. The names of 340 Jewish intellectuals killed in Poland. Compiled by underground sources, May 1944.

List No. 233. The names of 300 French women liberated from the camp at Ravensbrueck and repatriated to France, April 11, 1945.

List No. 376. The names of 722 Polish Jewish survivors of the concentration camp at Dachau, Austria. June 1945.

List No. 207. The names of 250 persons buried at Du Haut, Vernet, and various internment camps in France. Gives full names, date and place of birth, and information as to exact location of the grave. Compiled April 1945.

Because few of the lists are as explicit and detailed as No. 207, the operation of the Index must overcome many complications. For example, a

dentist in Detroit may wish to locate his uncle, Charles Smith, aged fifty-seven, born in Warsaw, last known address Vienna. The Index may contain five Charles Smiths. It may also contain a Smith whose first name is given as Karl (the German version of Charles), or Karol (the Czech version), or Carlos (the Spanish version) or Haim (the Yiddish version). It may also contain a Charles (or Karl or Karol or Carlos or Haim) Schmidt (the German version of Smith). Which of these, if any, is the dentist's uncle? To facilitate identification, the dentist is asked to give his uncle's date and place of birth, his marital status, his occupation and the names and personal data of other members of his family. Checking some or all of these clues with the European lists will help insure accuracy of identification.

Suppose, however, that the Index finds no Charles Smith or variation of the name which corresponds with the dentist's application. A card is made out for Charles Smith as a person sought, and the card is placed in the file. If new lists arriving from Europe contain Mr. Smith's name, the dentist is then notified that his uncle has been found.

Variations in spelling in both first and last names are overcome through the use of the Soundex, instead of the alphabetical, system of filing. The Soundex system files names according to their pronunciation instead of their spelling. It thus brings together the Polish name of Szymanski, for example, with its Americanized version

of Shemansky. The staff of the Index has also worked out a system of first-name variations. The name Elizabeth can also be Eliza, Betty, Bessie, Ella, Ellen, Elsa, Elsie, Lisa, Liesel, Lizzy, Erszebet or Erszi. John may be disguised as Janos or Hans or Johann or Jean. Walter may appear as Wladislaus; William as Guillaume.

II

The Index's staff of thirty-five workers does not deal directly with individual inquiries. These must be made through one of the nine member organizations which founded and support it, and which pool their information through the Index: the American Christian Committee for Refugees, the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers), the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS), the International Migration Service, the International Rescue and Relief Committee, the National Council of Jewish Women, the National Refugee Service and the Unitarian Service Committee.

Each of these member organizations sends to the Index whatever European lists come into its possession, as well as all of the inquiries it receives from Americans concerning the location of relatives abroad. When the Index makes an identification, it transmits the information to the agency through which the original inquiry was received. The agency, in turn, commu-

nicates with the individual inquirer.

A signal rôle in the compilation of European lists has been played by the United States Army, both officially and unofficially. Partial registrations of some concentration and labor camps were made by SHAEF, by Army occupation authorities, by UNRRA and by the headquarters of International Red Cross.

In addition, chaplains, officers and enlisted men who have come face to face with the homeless and the uprooted have made informal lists which they sent to American relief organizations, to newspapers, or to their own families in the United States. In hundreds of instances, soldiers have taken an interest in individual refugees and have written to the latter's American relatives. This is a great boon to the refugee and his family, since the only mail now permitted out of occupied territories is GI mail. One such V-letter, written to a woman in Boston to bring tidings of the survival of her parents, closed with the phrase, "Hoping this news has brought some comfort to you, I remain a Soldier of Freedom. . . ."

Late in May, the National Council of Jewish Women received this letter from an American captain overseas:

Mesdames: Yesterday I visited Theresienstadt [a Jewish ghetto reservation set up in Czechoslovakia by the Nazis], looking for traces of my family who were deported there in 1942. I did not succeed, but am sending by separate mail about 100 letters which were handed to me or my driver when word passed around that an American was in town. The letters are ad-

ressed to the American relatives of these people. Please forward them.

III

Although in many cases the addresses on the letters were sketchy, inaccurate or outdated, the National Council was able to forward all of them to the proper recipients by bringing into play the resources of its 300 sections all over the country. Instead of forwarding the letters immediately, Council sections first verified the addresses on the envelopes by checking against telephone books and city directories. Where these coincided, the letters were sent on. Where there was no listing, the Council sent a letter of its own to the addressee, stating that a letter from abroad was in its possession. In a number of cases, these letters were returned by the Post Office. The names of the addressees were then cleared through the Index, and in a number of cases it was found that they were registered as having made inquiry about their relatives abroad. The letters were then forwarded to their current addresses.

One letter, addressed to a man in Chicago, proved undeliverable through these methods. Unable to return the letter to its sender because of postal restrictions, the Council opened it. From its contents a clue emerged: the person to whom the letter was addressed was evidently a professional musician, a 'cellist. A telephone call to the Chicago local of the Musicians' Union brought results: the man was a union member and the union had his current mailing address in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A good deal of ingenuity is employed by the Index's member organizations in locating seemingly untraceable persons in the United States. Alfred R —, mentioned at the beginning of this article, proved not to be in the telephone book when the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS) began its search for him. There was no indication of his business or profession. The only possible clue was that his niece, who sought him, had been born in Bialystok, Poland. On the assumption that Alfred R — might also come from Bialystok, the HIAS got in touch with the fraternal society, or *Landsmannschaft*, of people who come from Bialystok. Mr. R — was not a member, but at the society's next meeting, the secretary announced that he was being sought, and one of the members proved to have his address. The *Landsmannschaften*, which maintain bonds among immigrants from the same town or village in the old country, are often useful in the location process.

Professional organizations have also proved helpful in locating doctors, engineers and lawyers. The National Council of Jewish Women's San Francisco section handled one case, in which a young man liberated from the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp sought his younger sister, who had been adopted a few years earlier, he wrote, by a Dr. G —. The doctor was not listed in the telephone direc-

tory, nor was he known to the local medical society. The Council was temporarily stumped, until one of its workers had a brainstorm. Why did the doctor necessarily have to be a medical man? He wasn't, for the local dental society knew of him and could furnish his address in another city, where he had moved two years earlier. The Council's Philadelphia section used imagination, too, when it was called on to locate a man who was alleged to own a movie theatre in that city. After ordinary means had failed, they called the city's leading theatrical supply houses and were able to get enough information from one of these firms to track their man down.

Advertisements in the Yiddish, German and Anglo-Jewish press, and radio announcements, are among the other methods used to locate people. In addition, the HIAS posts new lists, as they are received, on the walls of a special room in its building in lower Manhattan. Thousands of people, impatient to learn the fate of their kin, visit the room to scan the lists. One man, who had been a daily visitor for weeks, shrieked as he ran his finger down a newly posted list, and fell to the floor in a dead faint. When he was revived and looked again at the name which had caused his excitement, it turned out to be someone else. Another man, called to the HIAS office to be notified that the brother he was seeking had been killed in Dachau, walked quietly behind a screen, covered his head, and began to intone the Hebrew prayer for the dead.

The problem of notifying inquirers that their relatives are no longer living is an extremely delicate one. The agencies refrain from doing so unless the evidence is indisputable. There have been a number of miraculous escapes from gas chambers and death camps, and relatives are advised not to give up hope too soon. Where there can be no doubt of death, the agencies do not withhold the news, for parents and children, brothers and sisters, will not rest until they have found each other and the missing are somehow accounted for. As one man wrote to the International Migration Service: "It is inexpressible relief to my wife and me at last to know something definite about our son, even though it is only where his grave is."

It was the International Migration Service, too, which tackled the case of an eleven-year-old boy who not only did not know where his parents were, but did not know his nationality. The boy is today in a foster home in Switzerland. He has been in that country since 1940, when he was six, having arrived with the chaotic flood of refugees who escaped from France when the Germans overran that country. A tag around his neck gave his name as Adolf Raschid J —, and the date of his birth. Out of his early memories, the boy recalled only having been told by his parents that he had been born on a boat. He did not know his parents' full names, nor where they had originally come from, nor where they had lived in France. The problem seemed quite hopeless.

The Migration Service workers were intrigued by the boy's middle name, an unusual one for a Central European. It occurred to them to wonder whether Raschid might be the name of the boat on which Adolf was born. On checking marine records, they found that a British vessel of that name had plied the Mediterranean. Through the help of the British Consulate in Switzerland, they were able to examine the log and passenger list for the boat's voyage at the time of the lad's birth. They found a record of Adolf's birth, the full names of his parents and their city of residence. The parents have not yet been located, but one tangible benefit has already resulted. Because he was born on a British vessel, young Adolf is automatically entitled to British citizenship and protection — an important consideration if he should prove to be orphaned.

IV

Great as are the joy and relief felt by American families when they learn that their relatives have survived, those emotions are tempered by knowledge of the profound suffering these people have endured and must still face. Liberation and freedom are unfortunately not synonymous. The people in the concentration camps frequently have neither homes nor businesses nor jobs to return to. They are physically weak, emotionally weary and mentally confused about the future. Even those who have the

imagination and will-power to plan for their future find that, in the present chaos of conditions in Germany, they cannot move from one place to another without permission.

As the arrangements for the occupation of Germany stabilize, the plight of the uprooted will improve, although there can be no final solution for many years to come. A recent dispatch to the *New York Times* from a correspondent attached to the headquarters of the United States Forces in the European Theatre stated that up to July 30, a little over 4,100,000 displaced persons of seventeen European nationalities had been repatriated, and that 2,074,182 in the American, British and French occupation zones still required repatriation. Similar figures for the Russian zone have not been announced.

It is reliably estimated that as many as 1,500,000 of those not yet sent home will not wish to be repatriated, for political, economic or personal reasons. They will form the core of a new stateless population, to be added to the 600,000 people who, twenty years after the end of the first World War, still carried Nansen passports.

The job of making a comprehensive registration of Europe's lost and uprooted remains to be done. One of the first organized moves in that direction was made in July by the Joint Distribution Committee, which sent five teams of relief workers, nurses and doctors into the liberated concentration camps to ease the lot of the inmates and to do a complete registra-

tion. Eventually, this work will have to be taken over by UNRRA. In the meantime, to facilitate reunion of families in Europe, the Joint Distribution Committee has set up tracing bureaus in France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Greece, and plans to launch another in Yugoslavia. The information gathered by these bureaus is transmitted to the Central Location Index in New York, so that the master file may be complete. The HIAS also uses its several European offices for similar purposes.

What Americans can do for the relatives with whom they have re-established contact depends today on

where the latter are in Europe. If they are in France, Belgium, Holland or Italy, they can receive mail, money orders and packages of food and clothing. If, however, they are in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia or Poland, communication is still forbidden at this writing. By registering with one of the American relief organizations, however, they are in a position to act quickly when action becomes possible. As for the Europeans, their attitude was best expressed in a letter from a woman in Theresienstadt: "We have suffered much, but we are not lost if people like you give us help in finding our loved ones."



A Wife's Power —

The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be unknown forever. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage, strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He needs his moral in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be a place of repose, cheerfulness, peace, comfort; and his soul renews its strength again, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the troubles and labor of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed with discontent or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

— *Godey's Lady's Book*, 1858.

JOE HOWARD: THE AGELESS MINSTREL

By JOHN RICHMOND

IT is the studied opinion of Joe E. Howard that most modern songs are cold, unemotional and heartless, and that Frank Sinatra, the reigning bobby-sox dream prince, could, with some justification, be exterminated for his caterwauling. "Fifty years ago they'd have shot that guy at sunrise," comments Howard vehemently.

And Joe's pronouncements are not to be dismissed lightly. He has composed more popular ballads than any other American — 525 of them in all — and there is not a barroom in the land where tears have not splashed sadly upon the sawdust to the strains of *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*. He wrote that one back in 1906, when four of his musical comedies were playing simultaneously in Chicago — among them *Stubborn Cinderella*, starring the late John Barrymore. Since then, the tune has become the leading bar and barbershop melody of the United States, and more than 3,000,000 copies of the piece have been sold. Even today 5000 customers call for it at the music shops annually. "Just an organ grinder's ditty," Joe calls it,

for he is no man to rest on the laurels of a single triumph.

At seventy-eight, he's still batting out tunes full of lachrymose sentiments, and he is already anticipating breaking a lot of hearts via television with his mournful rendition of old-fashioned favorites. After sixty-six years in the entertainment business, he is still as full of bounce as a boy in his 'teens. And he is now living contentedly with his eighth wife, a handsome brunette of thirty-four and the mother of their fourteen-year-old son.

Six feet tall, with silvery white hair, lively eyes and most of his teeth, Joe follows a schedule that would stagger a man half his age. He plays four one-hour variety shows each day, appears on the radio each week, manages to squeeze in frequent appearances at war plants, and usually winds up his evenings entertaining at servicemen's canteens. His voice, a mellow whiskey tenor that gets choked up at the slightest provocation, is so durable an instrument that he can sing most of the day and night without feeling any vocal strain. Although he seldom

JOHN RICHMOND is editor of *Tomorrow*. He has been a reporter, editor of a national picture monthly and publicity writer for a motion picture company. As a ghost-writer, he has had articles in almost every important national magazine in America.

gets to bed before one or two in the morning, he rises as lively as a squirrel at 8.30 A.M. Joe walks and dances with furious energy, boasts that he has never known a sick moment, and can find nothing to account for his unusual vigor save that his father lived to be ninety-four and that he has always put away a good deal of champagne.

Champagne has not invariably been easy for Joe to come by. He has run up and down the financial ladder with astonishing agility. Forty-two years ago he and a friend bought fifty shares of stock in the Ford Motor Company at \$1000 a share. Not long afterward, Joe decided to sell his part of the block to his pal so that he could invest in a Chicago theatre for the production of his own shows. He lost \$100,000 on the Chicago deal, while his friend finally cleaned up \$2,000,000 when Henry Ford bought up most of the company stock not already under his control. Only three years after he had abandoned Ford for his theatre, he was back in the money again, earning \$260,000 in 1906. By 1930, when he was sixty-three, Joe was down to \$100 in cash; then he contrived to restore his financial standing by getting a berth on the radio.

Under the circumstances, it is not at all peculiar that Joe is a great believer in luck. He was lucky, for instance, in 1896 when he happened to hear a colored porter in a hotel lobby in Scranton, Pennsylvania, talking to his girl on the phone. Out of the conversation, Joe fashioned his first

hit song, *Hello, My Baby*, which later turned up as a ballad in the moving picture *The Sea Wolf*. Another time, while sipping a bit of champagne at the College Inn in Chicago, he heard a couple of collegians discussing a girl. "I wonder who's kissing her now," one of them remarked. Eagerly Joe rushed to his room and there composed his masterwork within two hours. Not all of Joe's songs, however, were the product of overheard conversations. The night before he started out on his honeymoon with his third wife, inspiration took hold of him and he dashed off *If All Moons Were Honeymoons* while their bags were being packed. Like many another composer of the Tin Pan Alley school, Joe can't write a note of music. He simply bangs out chords on a piano and gets somebody else to put down the result. He used to have a valet perform this task, but nowadays the chore is handled by his wife.

If he is something of a phenomenon as a composer, Joe is equally so as a writer-producer of musical comedies. Together with Will Hough and Frank Adams, he has turned out twenty-eight musical comedies, fifteen of them hits.

Around the turn of the century, Howard helped to set a new style in the medium by introducing the realism of a boy-meets-girl plot instead of the usual fantasy high in the clouds of some mythical Graustark. Joe's love of realism found further outlet in such innovations as staging a police parade as part of *The District Leader* in 1899,

and putting a lot of true baseball jargon into *The Umpire*, which helped start the vogue for baseball plays and ballads.

II

The environment from which Joe Howard sprang was hardly conducive to sentimental musings. His birthplace was on Mulberry Street in New York, in the center of a neighborhood dominated by the celebrated Five Points Gang, whose members hated humanity in general and cops in particular. Howard *père*, known as "Big John," ran a saloon, over which the family lived, and he made a point of walloping young Joe whenever he happened to find him handy. To offset his father's lack of affection, Joe had the love of his mother—a sentimental Irish woman who wrote poems that she liked to read to Joe along with passages from Keats, Shelley and Shakespeare. An excellent pianist, she constantly hummed snatches of melodies of her own devising. Joe says that he can still remember a good many of them.

The boy was only eight when his mother died, and to escape from his father's painful ministrations, he ran away. When he was arrested as a vagrant, Joe refused to tell a police captain who he was, and presently he was packed off to Father Drumgoole's Orphanage in downtown Manhattan near the present site of the Woolworth Building. At Father Drumgoole's, he was a model lad, serving

both as altar- and choir-boy. But when his father discovered him and tried to get him back to the saloon, Joe and a chum called Abe Levinsky made off to Grand Central, where they sneaked into a line of boys and girls being shepherded aboard a train by a group of nuns. Several hours later and many miles westward, a nun discovered the interlopers and advised them that the party was en route to farms in the Middle West to be bound out according to prevailing custom. In Pleasantville, Missouri, Joe and his friend secured jobs with local farmers. The jobs were roughly the equivalent of doing slave labor in Germany, and the boys soon got away from it all by hopping a freight to Kansas City.

It was in Kansas City that Joe made his first public appearance, singing in Snavely's Saloon and Billiard Parlor. To augment the coins he picked up for his singing, he peddled papers. But after four months' residence in a huge packing case behind a store near Snavely's, Joe and Abe wearied of Kansas City and moved on to St. Louis. Joe, after appearing in several saloons, got an offer to join a vaudeville team doing a turn in a local theatre. Billed as "Master Joseph," he made his vaudeville début at eleven, in a high-starched collar and a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit. In a piping soprano he sang *A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother* so soulfully that he brought down the house. Pretty soon he was playing "Little Eva" with a touring stock company that presently drifted into St. Joseph, Mis-

souri. There Joe took a room near the home of a Mrs. James, who, it developed, was the mother of the famous outlaws. Joe says he can still remember the clatter of hooves that meant the boys were dropping in on their mother; and he remembers, too, being near the spot where Bob Ford shot and killed Jesse James. The day of Ford's trial, Joe returned to the newspaper business, demanding and getting twenty-five cents a copy for his wares. But when the boom subsided, he returned to singing in saloons since the touring company that brought him to St. Joseph had gone broke.

From St. Joseph, Joe followed a trail that took him through Dodge City, Iowa, to Tombstone, Virginia City and finally Denver. He remained longest in Dodge City where he was a favorite of "Bat" Matterson, the town marshal, and Bat's cronies — Wild Bill Hickok and Wyatt Earp. By the time he arrived at Denver, Joe was six feet tall and quite a man for his sixteen years. The town was booming; silver dollars were tossed about as lightly as if they were worth no more than a cent. Joining up with a local stock company, Joe fell in with a statuesque young lady of sixteen named Ida Burt, with whom he eloped to a nearby town. Next day Ida's mother descended on the newly-weds, hustled daughter away and started annulment proceedings. Joe never again saw his bride of one day.

He did not remain a celibate for long. The following year he met another Ida, surnamed Emerson and

aged nineteen, who had been judged the most beautiful girl in a state-wide beauty contest in Colorado. They met when they were members of a stock company playing in Denver's Central Music Hall. Ida had been married at fifteen to the most notorious gambler in Denver. When Joe met her, shortly after her spouse had died in a gun fight, she had three children. At Joe's suggestion, Ida agreed to tour the Colorado mining camps with the young troubadour. This was not to be lightly undertaken. In towns like Leadville, where miners as well as criminals from all over were wont to gather, it was the custom of the customers to toss gold coins at the entertainers they liked; those they didn't like were forced to dance around to the accompaniment of pot-shots from six-shooters. Joe and Ida made a vast success of their tour, however, and they made a fortune during the days of the Cripple Creek gold rush. By coincidence Joe happened to be around when Ford, the man he had seen shoot Jesse James, was shot in turn in Cripple Creek. In the summer of 1885, loaded with pure gold, Joe and Ida decided to head eastward to play in Chicago's Olympic Theatre — for them the first one where the customers weren't periodically distracted by having to shout to a waiter for a drink. When Ida turned twenty-two and Joe was a mature nineteen, they moved on to New York City and were married at the Little Church Around the Corner. They remained together twenty years, winning a

lot of popularity together at places like Minor's Bowery Theatre, Koster and Bial's, Tony Pastor's and Niblo's Gardens.

III

Joe Howard has never been a man to shy away from a new idea, but he has often had a hard time holding on to one long enough to cash in on it. As early as 1894, while watching a lecturer at Wonderland Museum in Milwaukee where he and Ida were playing he got hold of a notion that proved a nation-wide success. The Wonderland lecturer was using colored glass slides and a stereopticon to illustrate a talk on foreign travel. It occurred to Joe that the slides and stereopticon could be put to better effect, and he went right out to a toy shop and got himself a magic lantern and about two dozen glass slides. With Ida's help he rigged up a bedsheet on the wall of his hotel room; as he manipulated his magic lantern, Ida softly sang a number of popular ballads. Thus was created the Illustrated Song, Joe's later slides being posed by stock company friends in dramatic attitudes appropriate to the lyrics of the melodies then popular. The Illustrated Song was a vast success and the business of supplying the public with slides eventually employed thousands. Joe, however, never made anything out of his notion, since it is impossible to patent or copyright simple ingenuity.

Early in their days together, Joe

and Ida teamed up with the road show of Battling Bob Fitzsimmons. Besides singing along with Ida, Joe served as master of ceremonies, time-keeper, referee, and fiduciary agent for those who wanted to take a chance of making \$200 by staying four rounds with the master. Fitzsimmons generally permitted a local strong boy to stick around for two stanzas before signaling Joe that he was about to knock the ambitious tyro cold. Sometimes Joe made arrangements with the amateurs that permitted them to remain with Fitzsimmons for two rounds at \$25 apiece as long as they were not troublesome. If they insisted on being annoying, Fitzsimmons would rub his glove across his face as a signal to Joe that he would have to pick up the remains any second.

It was while he was with Fitzsimmons' road show at Minor's Bowery Theatre in Manhattan that Joe met up with Tom Jenkins, inventor and owner of several motion-picture camera patents that antedated Thomas A. Edison's. Soon Joe was singing Illustrated Songs with motion pictures instead of colored slides. His first venture in the medium was an Illustrated Song done to *Fireman, Save My Child*, featuring the New York City Fire Department. Pretty soon Joe was having Jenkins shoot his camera at crowds in order to get pictures that could be shown along with his vaudeville act. He became something of a photographer himself and helped shoot news events and sports contests

long before the advent of news-reel companies. He didn't suspect at the time, of course, that the motion pictures would eventually kill — or at any rate help to kill — his livelihood in vaudeville. Presently, on the night that President McKinley was assassinated, Joe's partner in motion pictures received and accepted an offer to become Thomas Edison's associate. One of Joe's last motion-picture efforts was to take close-ups of McKinley's funeral. He managed to get permission to use his camera through his friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of New York. The final film was shown in Manhattan, and a choir of fifteen boys from Father Drumgoole's, Joe's old orphanage, sang mournfully as it flickered along.

Joe wasn't much over thirty-five when he and Ida drifted apart. His next conquest was a musical comedy star named Mabel Barrison, who was appearing in one of his shows. For her he purchased a \$35,000 farm at Paw Paw Lake in Michigan with a private spur line provided by the Pere Marquette Railroad for \$10,000. He also bought her a palatial home in Waukegan, Illinois, and erected the Barrison Theatre where Jack Benny made his first appearance as a musician. When Mabel took sick with tuberculosis, Joe took her to a famous sanitarium in England, but she did not survive for long.

After his return to vaudeville in the United States, Joe married a new partner named Mabel McCane, only

to divorce her within the year. Then to add to his tangled and woeful marital history, he became the victim of a tragic hoax.

IV

While in Los Angeles, he had frequently escorted Irma Kilgallen, the daughter of a wealthy Chicago steel man. A bit of a glamour girl of the time, Irma was the divorced wife of Count de Beaufort. At a glossy dinner party given in honor of Barney Oldfield, the first man to drive an automobile sixty miles an hour, it was suggested that Irma and Joe go through a mock marriage ceremony — an idea of dubious wit and little humor. Joe agreed to proceed with the matter, only to discover a day after the party that the ceremony had been very real and earnest. While the Los Angeles papers splashed the event over their front pages, Joe deserted Los Angeles and his bride. Four weeks later Irma caught up with him in Omaha, and created a disturbance in the theatre where Joe was playing. Ejected, she came back the next day, this time with a pistol. Joe had her removed to her hotel by a member of the company who guarded her in her room. Suddenly Irma seized a gun, dashed frantically into an alcove and killed herself.

The ensuing publicity impelled Joe to move on to Chicago. There an actress named Ethelyn Clarke soon convinced him that the only thing for him to do under the circumstances

was to marry again. Four days after he got the advice, Joe was the husband of Ethelyn, with whom he journeyed to France during World War I to entertain the doughboys. Out of his tour came the inspiration for *Some-where In France Is The Lily*, which earned him \$50,000 in royalties in six months.

His salary in vaudeville on his return was a tidy \$5500 a week. But despite his monetary prosperity, Joe was having no better luck in the marital field and by 1924 Ethelyn divorced him. Shortly thereafter, he married Anita Case, who also divorced him before a year was past. With some justification, Joe vowed never to marry again. Then to add to his worries, vaudeville began slipping, bookings were hard to get, and Joe's manner of singing became something less than popular. He tried to make a financial comeback by reviving his biggest musical hit, *The Time, The Place and The Girl* in Chicago, but he wound up with a \$70,000 loss. Nevertheless, he was still quite solvent, until the market crashed. Then a quarter of a million of his savings went by the board, and he was left with \$100.

In the midst of his misery he ran into a twenty-year-old dancer named Mary Ramo who had formerly appeared on the same vaudeville bill with him. She helped him straighten out his affairs while they were in Chicago, and soon they were married and, with \$40 between them, headed for New York by bus. From 1930 un-

til 1938 they traveled on the raveled fringes of vaudeville. On Mary's insistence, Joe kept rehearsing his old songs although it looked as if nobody would ever be interested in them again. Then, on Christmas of 1938, Joe got a chance to sing his nostalgic tunes at Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe." Just as he had done forty years before, Joe sang his songs in a sad whiskey tenor, bathed his lyrics in melodious tears, and wound up with a fancy cake-walk. The patrons of the "Diamond Horseshoe," a sentimental lot, loved the whole affair. Soon after, Joe had an offer to serve as master of ceremonies on a radio show called *The Gay Nineties Revue*, which brought him \$20,000 annually.

And with the war, there came vaudeville engagements, too; Joe at seventy-eight feels things are looking up again. He's written two war songs, *Remember Pearl Harbor* and *Keep Mum, Chum*, and has just published a good old sentimental song, *We Never Never Lost a War, We Never Never Will*. He's talking seriously of producing a musical on Broadway soon.

Joe has sung *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* about 750,000 times — which is probably some kind of a record. He expects to sing it about that many times again before he quits. He has no intention of retiring to mull over tired memories, heartily agreeing with his wife when she remarks, "Joe is ageless."

"People," he says, "who think of retiring before they're one hundred just haven't got any ambition."

THE LIBRARY

The Pilgrim Fathers and Democracy

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE histories of the early Southern colonies are generally reliable, but those dealing with the Northern ones have often been grossly inaccurate and on occasion built largely upon imagination. A hundred years ago, the first New Englanders were pictured as grim ascetics, contemptuous of this life and yearning for the better life in the hereafter. Fifty years later a group of able historians presented evidence that the colonists were quite human and far from ascetic, but the myth had become much too deep-rooted to be shaken. In our own times, writers more eager to make a point than to report facts, presented the seventeenth-century New Englanders as narrow moralists, religious bigots and political totalitarians. Such "unvarnished facts" sometimes made for "vigorous" books which enjoyed wide circulation, but unfortunately they had little to do with what actually took place in 1620-1691.

The truth, as always happens in the realm of history, is far more colorful and dramatic than any fiction about it. This is especially so in the case of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony, founded in 1620. They are often con-

fused with the Boston Puritans, a sterner group. The full story of the Pilgrims, a heroic and thoroughly human community, is one of the most inspiring and picturesque in all our annals, and Mr. George F. Willison, in his able *Saints and Strangers*,¹ tells it for the first time in a manner that should appeal to all intelligent people. First he disposes of many of the untruths that have been told about the Pilgrims and the Plymouth Colony. The Pilgrims did not land on "Plymouth Rock." The rock that is now displayed and hallowed in Plymouth, Massachusetts, is just a rock. Bradford, Winslow and other trustworthy contemporaries mention no rock. The myth about it was apparently the product of some over-imaginative publicity man who was a member of the Old Colony Club — a very small snobbish organization founded a hundred years after the landing — or who tried to win his way into the graces of the prosperous merchants and influential politicians who were members of it. The Pilgrims, to continue, did not land "on a stern and rock-

¹ *Saints and Strangers*, by George F. Willison. \$3.75. Reynal & Hitchcock.

bound coast." The coast was, as it still is, strewn with soft sand. As a matter of fact, the Pilgrims probably did not make their very first landing at Plymouth at all, but at the tip of Cape Cod.

As for *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, which did so much to spread the reputation of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, it probably has little relation to the truth. Priscilla was "certainly not so affectedly coy, a revolting mannerism not of hers but of Longfellow's day." And she married John Alden very likely because he was a "hopfull yonge man" of twenty, tall, blond and very powerful, while Myles Standish was thirty-six and a red-headed, dumpy little man who was sometimes called "Captain Shrimpe."

As to the composition of the 102 *Mayflower* passengers, they definitely were not a united group that saw only "antichristian stuffe" in the ministers of the Church of England and "would not submitte to their ceremonies, & become slaves to them & their popish trash, which have no ground in ye word of God, but are relikes of that man of sin." Only forty-one — seventeen men, ten women and fourteen children — were "saincts" who had such religious convictions. All the rest were "strangers," members of the Church of England, who came over here in search not of "spiritual salvation but economic opportunity, a chance to better their worldly lot, and for a time they stoutly resisted all attempts to convert them to 'ye trueth.'" Even the

"saincts" were seeking something more than "freedom to worship God," for they had such freedom in Holland.

All the people on the *Mayflower*, however, had one thing in common: their complete lack of "blue blood." "They were of the common people and in conscious revolt against the aristocratic principle so-called" — a fact not always remembered by those who boast descent from them. Among them were a "chirurgion & physition," tailors, carpenters, ordinary seamen, master mariners, "hired men" under contract to remain in the New World for a year, and "indentured servants," whose period of indenture usually ran for seven years and generally called for very hard labor, for which the only payment was board and lodging.

How did this conglomeration get along? They got along as one would expect almost any such group of human beings to do. They helped one another occasionally, and at other times they fought bitterly. One such fight on the *Mayflower* turned into a mutiny and it was to put an end to it that the celebrated *Mayflower Compact* was written. "We . . . covenant & combine ourselves together in a civill body politick, . . . and by vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience." Not all of the men

on board signed this document, some being too sick and others refusing. The women, of course, did not sign, for they were not considered free agents, according to the law and morals of the times.

The Compact had tremendous influence in the evolution of democracy in America, but at the time of its writing it was a minority instrument composed chiefly to keep the peace on board ship. The promise of "just & equall lawes" quieted the malcontents for a while, though the truth is that it was "often more honored in the breach than the observance."

II

Once the Pilgrims landed, their major troubles began. The story of their struggles with the environment, which Mr. Willison tells graphically, with copious quotations from Governor Bradford's masterly *Of Plimoth Plantation*, is one of the immortal sagas of modern history. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the difficulties encountered. "They had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weather-beaten bodys," says Governor Bradford with bitter humor. The time was mid-November, and the entire surroundings bore "a wether-beaten face, and ye whole cuntry, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild & savage heiw." Soon the harsh cold would beat upon them and "they that know ye winter in that cuntrie know them to be sharp &

violent, & subjecte to cruelle & fierce storms, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast."

Slowly, with guns on their shoulders, the men ventured deeper into the forest, picking up whatever food they could and always watching out for Indians. Some of the Indians, especially Samoset and Massasoit, were friendly, but others caused trouble. Meanwhile a "General Sickness" gripped the entire community, and an appalling number perished. About four months after the landing, the following item was recorded in an old document:

March 24. Dies Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Edward Winslow. N. B. This month thirteen of our number die. And in three months past dies halfe our company. . . . Of a hundred persons, scarce fifty remain, the living scarce able to bury the dead.

Entire families were wiped out, and by the time the plague had subsided only three married couples remained unbroken by death. Governor Bradford's account of the "general visitation" is truly heart-rending. But even as he wrote of the tragedy that befell his small community, he must have recalled — as no doubt did the other survivors of the plague — the high resolution that bound them all when they set out on the venture:

It was granted ye dangers were great, but not desperate; the difficulties were many, but not invincible. For though there were many of them likly, yet they were not certaine; it might be sundry of ye things feared might never befall;

others by providence care & use of good means might in a great measure be prevented; and all of them, through ye help of God, by fortitude and patience, might either be borne or overcome. . . .

Yea, though they should lose their lives in this action, yet they might have comforte in the same . . . all great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be enterprised and overcome with answerable courages.

In such spirit the Pilgrims persisted, and by the following autumn they boasted of plenty. One correspondent, writing to a friend in England, said, ". . . we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty." There had been no sickness now for many months, and there was peace with the Indians. "Captain Standish staged a military review" in celebration, and "there were games of skill and chance, and for three days the Pilgrims and their guests gorged themselves on venison, roast duck, roast goose, clams and other shell-fish, succulent eels, white bread, corn bread, leeks and watercress and other 'sallet herbs', with wild plums and dried berries for dessert — all washed down with wine, made of the wild grape, both white and red, which the Pilgrims praised as 'very sweete & strong.'"

Hardly an ascetic celebration! Even before the harvesting the Pilgrims had occasionally relaxed with "beere" and "strong water." Some of them, who had been bereaved, decided to stay bereaved but a short time. In May the colony had its first marriage — between Mrs. Susanna White, a

widow of three months, and Edward Winslow, a widower of less than two months. The ceremony was performed by a magistrate, for the Pilgrims looked upon marriage as "a civill thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depend, . . . and most consonante to ye scriptires, *Ruth* 4, and no where found in ye gospell to be layed on ye ministers as a part of their office."

The Pilgrims, says Mr. Willison, were "fond of the comforts of connubial bed and board, they married early and often and late, sometimes within a few weeks of losing a mate." Some of the younger folk couldn't wait for the minister to pronounce them man and wife, and the records contain such cases:

June 27. Abigail Billington (who was Churchell) was called before ye church openly for fornication with her new husband, Francis Billington, before her marriage to him.

The punishment generally was "to sitt in the stocks" and a fine of twenty shillings, which was lenient compared to the Puritan code for such offenses.

The miracle is that there were not more cases of this sort, in view of the institution of Pre-Contract that prevailed. Pre-Contract was "a semi-marriage, entitling the betrothed to almost all of the intimacies of wedlock — all but the last and most intimate." The temptations of such a state were so terrific and obvious that the Pilgrims "drew a distinction between a lapse 'in time of contract' and plain fornication so to speak."

III

Were the Pilgrims, then, largely free of narrow moral doctrines, religious bigotry and non-democratic sentiments? They were not. They often pried into their neighbors' affairs to such an extent that for a long time they branded as immoral the parents of a seven- or eight-month-old child. And they objected to "dauncing" and "frisking together" as "scarlet" sins. They also made life difficult for Quakers, Baptists, Catholics — indeed for anyone who did not believe in their own special brand of Christianity. They generally required that a man belong to their church before being granted the rights of citizenship. Finally, they limited the right of the vote to those with a substantial property interest in the community.

But, on the other hand, unlike the

Puritans in Boston, they insisted on the supremacy of the civil authority everywhere except in the purely spiritual realm, and even there they retained the right to expel a minister if he did not satisfy them. They were the first community in the whole New World, "perhaps the first in history," says Mr. Willison, to select a governor by means of a free election. It was the Pilgrims who "gave the meeting house to the stronger Puritans" in Boston. The Bay Colony, with Boston as the capital, at the turn of the seventeenth century, swallowed up the Plymouth Colony in a greater federation. But though Plymouth was thus conquered, its basic principles of religious democracy and political democracy soon got the upper hand and have constantly been growing stronger. This is their fitting epitaph and the measure of our debt to them.



Criticism—

Criticism, carried to the height worthy of it, is a majestic office, perhaps an art, perhaps even a church.

— WALT WHITMAN

Criticism is above all, a gift, an intuition, a matter of tact and flair; it cannot be taught or demonstrated — it is an art.

— H. F. AMIEL

Nature, when she invented, manufactured, and patented her authors, contrived to make critics out of the chips that were left.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE OPEN FORUM

WHY VETERANS ARE BITTER

SIR: In his solicitude for the unconvertible veterans of this war, Professor Willard Waller in "Why Veterans Are Bitter," in the August issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, neglects some facts that have bearing on the matter. Their statement is the other side of the story.

It is the essence of our constitutional structure that every normal, healthy man born under our flag is obligated to defend it. That this duty falls on one generation after skipping the preceding one is purely fortuitous. The flag he is called upon to defend is the symbol to which the founders of this nation pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," and it must continue to fly so that the freedom of man may live.

After the last war I knew some of these embittered young men who couldn't bear to talk about it and who scorned us civilians as selfish parasites whom they had done their best to protect. I learned one of these veterans had had a job in a warehouse for the term of his service, and had never heard a shot fired.

After all, anyone who has been scientifically indoctrinated away from every vestige of his former beliefs and ideals must, when he returns to his former environment, recondition his thinking and habits to fit what will be his lot for the rest of his life, the alternative being that the rest of society must condition itself to Army ways and discipline to enable the veteran to feel at home.

With some exceptions, civilians are a pretty good lot. The mentally or physically handicapped veteran will find that everywhere he goes he will receive kindness and consideration. Appreciation is harder to utter than to demonstrate, but it is there, awaiting expression. The only remaining necessity is for the embittered veteran to sweeten his outlook and be happy in this God-blessed land.

R. V. EDER

Rockford, Ill.

I've been bitter a couple of times. Found out at twenty I had tuberculosis. Why me? My friends were healthy and happy. Went to a sanatorium. My world swirled around me a couple of times, then swept on by. My fiancé married another girl; my best friend had three children and promptly forgot me; my younger sister finished college. I lay and fought for my miserable life for three years. Time can't stop because a twenty-year-old has T.B. or a man down the street is going blind or 20,000 men lost limbs fighting for their country.

I was bitter another time. Fought nine months trying to have a baby — flat on my back, intravenous feeding, unimaginable nausea — stillbirth. Maybe giving your life for a baby isn't so important as giving your life for a bunch of fat civilians you detest — except that those fat civilians were all born in travail — and so were you.

I'll admit I don't know what the inside of a B-29 or a Sherman tank looks like. I don't know what the inside of a soldier looks like. But ever since the world began, men have been giving their lives to make things better for a bunch of rabble not worth their little fingers — some quietly, some with fanfare. There are pretty good planes now because twenty-five years ago men went on and rode them when they were wagons on wings. Some men died finding out what to do for yellow fever; some men died horribly to give the world X-ray.

Fate sent the flower of our youth into death and dirt and misery. If these boys had been born ten years earlier or ten years later, they wouldn't have been soldiers — they would have been fat despised civilians. Among other things, wars spawn bitter, disgruntled veterans. There was one after the last war. His name was Adolf Hitler.

K. WHARTON STURGES

Oklahoma City, Okla.

WHAT AILS THE CHURCH?

SIR: With reference to Willard Waller's article, "Why Veterans Are Bitter" in your August issue, the world is full of bitter people — not always three million at a time and not all about the same thing at the same time, but bitter nonetheless.

SIR: As an old newspaper "dog," who has visited 350 churches in Greater Cleveland in the past seven years — a different one every Sunday to write a Monday feature, "A Stranger Goes to

Church"—I doff my chapeau to Reverend Alson J. Smith for his article, "What Ails The Church?" in the August issue of *THE MERCURY*: It is a swell job.

FRANK STEWART

Cleveland, Ohio.

SIR: In Reverend Alson J. Smith's article entitled, "What Ails the Church?" which appears in the August *MERCURY*, let us agree that the author is right so far as he goes, but let us also take note that he does not go far enough. His article gives the symptoms, but does not get at the disease. The question he asks and tries to answer, is a superficial one. To get underneath the whole matter, we would have to ask such questions as: What ails religion? What ails theology? The trouble in the church is a basic one; it is in the tide and not just in the surface waves.

What ails religion and theology today? The most obvious answer is science. Science has to some extent taken the place of theology in our thinking. The average man is a better scientist than he is a theologian. He can talk more learnedly now about the atomic bomb than he can about the ontological argument for the existence of God. He is up-to-date on his science and out-of-date on his theology. The truth of the matter is that man is more interested in the discoveries of science than in the arguments of theology.

But there is a second thing that ails religion and theology which comes out of this increase of scientific knowledge in the world — namely, the clash between anthropomorphism and science. The church is mostly to blame for perpetuating belief in the former in its church schools. As the child matures, his childhood theology comes into conflict with his science, and as a result it is probable he will give up religion rather than try to harmonize religion with science.

It may be there is no way for a child to visualize God except to think of Him as a person. To the child, like the child Samuel, the voice of God is a voice that can be heard with the ears. When he thinks of God, it is of a man who walked in the Garden of Eden in the cool of the day. In the church schools, we should begin early to teach children that God is a Spirit without shape or form and that He is always everywhere and in everything. If we do not do this, then we do not prepare the child for his contact with science, and the church may lose him in his teens.

It seems to me that if religion is to be a great force for good in the world, we must somehow learn how to correlate science and theology in the primary department of the Sunday school. This will prevent a break with religion later in life. We

are too much concerned about getting religious education into our public schools and not enough concerned about getting scientific education into our Sunday schools. If we bring up a child in the way he should go theologically and scientifically, then when he is older he will still be a scientist and an active church member too. He will learn how to think and also to pray.

And this leads again to the question, what ails religion and theology? Why don't people pray more? And why don't more people pray? The answer again is science. "Why pray in a Universe of Law?" Many feel nothing will happen when they pray. The law of gravity cannot be suspended for an instant by prayer and save the falling man from being hurt. But while prayer is not supposed to destroy the laws of nature, it can help us to make greater use of them. To some extent, the atomic bomb may have been an answer to someone's prayer. This bomb does not violate the laws of chemistry and physics, it uses them. So our prayers can be made more scientific, that is more in accord with spiritual and natural laws.

The best prayer always ends, "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and grant these petitions according to Thy Holy Will. 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'" And with this renewed interest in scientifically directed prayer, or prayer in harmony with the laws of God in His Universe, we will find new life and activity in the church. What we need is more prayer in our science and more science in our prayers. We must go beneath the waves into the deep tides of life.

Reverend Smith deals more with sociology than with theology in his article. In his ideal church there is too much of man and too little of God. The best way to have a good sociology is to have a sound theology.

ROBERT LLOYD ROBERTS

Reverend, *Pequea Presbyterian Church*
Honey Brook, Pa.

PROFESSOR FOR OFFICE

SIR: I have read Lyle Owen's article, "A Professor Runs For Office," in the August *MERCURY* with a great deal of interest. It certainly illustrates one of the things we have recognized for a long time — the wide gulf between our education and our political life. We have succeeded to a great extent in divorcing education and politics. But I think both could be vastly improved if the gulf between them were not so wide.

I believe our democracy suffers because we have allowed the concept to grow up that politics is a dirty business, something intelligent and

good people should stay out of. As president of three educational institutions, I have seen how that concept affects young college students. They are told that if they have ability and character they should go into one of the professions such as law, medicine, engineering, etc., but that they should stay out of politics. If we are going to preserve our democracy, we must draw to its leadership more men and women of character, talent and integrity who will regard their position as one of public trust. Now that our country is unquestionably the Number One power in the world today, that type of leadership is all the more necessary.

Since our schools and colleges exist for the purpose of training our youth for good citizenship, a large share of this responsibility falls upon them. Therefore, they must be dynamic institutions dealing realistically with all of the issues and problems of contemporary life. It is difficult, however, for the schools to deal realistically with these problems since there is always a great deal of pressure against their discussion of "controversial issues." I sometimes feel that just about the time classroom teaching becomes thrilling and exciting, the teacher has to say to his class, "we cannot discuss this subject further because it is a controversial issue."

HOMER P. RAINEY

Austin, Tex.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

SIR: I read with great interest Henry Steele Commager's article, "Winston Churchill: An Appreciation," in the August issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. But I find myself wondering whether the fulsome praise and obsequious encomiums of the good professor for the ex-Prime Minister are in any way intended for Winston Churchill, master showman and political opportunist, who was catapulted into power by the fortunes of war and the intellectual sterility of the old reactionary Tory Party of England.

Somewhere within the hallowed walls of Columbia University it must be recorded that Winston Churchill, scion of the Marlboroughs, entered Parliament as the Tory member for the Lancashire Division of Oldham, when the discredited Balfour government was drifting toward the Liberal uprising of the Campbell-Bannerman era. Faced with the lean years ahead, he "crossed the floor of the House" and was elected as Liberal member for Northwest Manchester.

With the return of the Liberal Party to power he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies under Lord Elgin—he was never at any time Colonial Secretary as Professor

Commager erroneously states. During his short term of service at the Colonial Office he embroidered His Majesty's Government in so many conflicts with the various Colonial administrations that he was conveniently hurried to the Board of Trade, where he followed Lloyd George of sacred and "Billingsgate" memory.

Lloyd George, having become Chancellor of the Exchequer, was traveling throughout England in the campaign of the Liberal Party for social reforms. Winston Churchill was standing by, passively at least, for the Liberal Party appeared to be headed for a long term of office. The most charitable thing to do is not to pass comment on his service at the Board of Trade and the Gallipoli escapade during his term of office as First Lord of the Admiralty.

Following the close of the war, with the fortunes of the Liberal Party then dimming, Winston Churchill was flirting with his old love, the Tory Party, and before very long that is just where we find him. With the paucity of administrative talent in the Tory Party then and the inertia of its leaders—Baldwin and Chamberlain—there would have been an opportunity for even Mr. Hoover to ride forth as the symbol of light and liberty to defend England in her darkest hour.

Professor Commager is deeply touched by Winston Churchill's tolerance and forbearance in not seizing the ports of the Irish Free State. Perhaps that was at the time when all he needed was the tools to finish the job, or when he was contemplating sending his Army into Greece in an effort to compel that brave people to take back their King, who fled some years before at the first sign of danger. It may be possible, however, that Winston Churchill had actually developed the great virtues of tolerance and forbearance, attributed to him by Professor Commager, and because of that withheld two million men of the British Army from recovering Burma, which the Japs conquered with a small army in a matter of months.

Of Winston Churchill—reactionary Tory and progressive liberal when political expediency dictates and opportunity for office offers—it might be said that never did one politician owe so much to so little stability of political principles.

M. J. O'BRIEN

Libertyville, Ill.

TOM PAINE

SIR: It strikes me that Mr. Woodward in his article on Tom Paine in your July issue is a little too certain that Americans are ignorant of Paine's services to the American Revolution. If

they are ignorant, it is not because the history book writers have failed to inform them of his outstanding services. I have never seen a high school textbook on American history which neglected to mention Paine's *Common Sense* and its important influence in leading to the Declaration of Independence. Some also mention his *Age of Reason* and the unwarranted attacks made on him because of it. A few even mention Theodore Roosevelt's "filthy little atheist" charge in order to refute it.

Americans may not *know* much about Paine but at least most of them were probably *taught* something about him at one time. If he has been largely forgotten, it is because most Americans forget nearly all of the facts of their history, as was shown rather conclusively by the recent New York *Times* investigation of the teaching of American history in the schools. But Paine is certainly not the only important figure in our history who has been forgotten by the average man.

To illustrate, I suspect that not one "man-in-the-street" in ten would have even a bowing acquaintance with one-fourth of the following individuals, each of whom in one way or another may be thought of as a crusader for democracy, political decency and human rights: Peter Zenger, James Otis, Philip Freneau, Albert Gallatin, William Cobbett, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Amos Kendall, William E. Seward, Carl Schurz, Hugh McCulloch, E. L. Godkin, Terence V. Powderly, John P. Altgeld, Tom Watson, Eugene V. Debs, Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Susan B. Anthony, Harvey Wiley, Gifford Pinchot, William J. Gaynor, and Albert Beveridge.

ROGER C. HACKETT

Barboa, C. Z.

CHANGING MOUNTAIN FOLK

SIR: Jean Thomas' story, "The Changing Mountain Folk," in your July issue is an entertaining little picture of modern mountain life. But she neglects to tell us how these mountaineers managed to outsmart us city folks by getting those refrigerators, radios and other hard-to-get items.

Their Congressman must have been a miracle man to get them all these things, in addition to modern highways, in wartime. No wonder war plants throughout the nation suffered a manpower shortage earlier in the war. Everybody was down in the Kentucky hills fixing up things on orders of the Jasper Trivits.

I spent 1940 in the depths of the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee, a section that has a

reputation of being one of the most backward places in the nation. All the things Jean Thomas mentions in her story I saw there then. At that time, electricity and electrical appliances were commonplace to the mountaineers. Concrete highways ran through many parts of the territory; good hard-surfaced roads ran from these highways into the remotest settlements. School buses traveled these roads daily in the school season, picking up the older children and carrying them into the county seats to high school. These children were alert and lived a normal, healthy life. The boys had their baseball, softball, basketball and football teams. The girls had their social and church clubs.

On election night, we knew our candidate, Willkie, was defeated as soon as we would have known it had we been standing before the *Times* Building in New York. Daily, we discussed the ups and downs of the major baseball leagues. The radio and newspaper are no longer the curiosity to these people that some writers would have us believe.

Yes, the mountain folk have changed, but we can't rightfully blame that on the war.

In fact, the war has considerably slowed the tempo of this change. Many of the young men who were preparing to carry it further have gone to war, and they will not be going back to the hills. They are dead.

HENRY W. NILES

New York City.

LEGION OF DECENCY

SIR: Russell Whelan's "The Legion of Decency" in the June issue should prove to be a very effective means of enabling the motion picture industry to preserve the high level of entertainment for which the industry was founded. To the best of my knowledge, the aim of the industry is not to spread immorality.

Just as the Board of Health prescribes certain measures to prevent plagues, so too the Legion of Decency warns its members of a worse evil—spiritual decay.

Instead of sneering, the author might very well admire and help to widen the influence of so decent an organization.

As for minority pressure, the accusation is ridiculous. The moral law is much more universal than the author implies. The only way to achieve morality is not to destroy it, but to nourish it. Contrary to his thesis, goodness does inspire one to become good.

C. EDWARD McMENAMIN, USA

Camp Hood, Tex.

THE BEST MYSTERIES ON THE NEWSSTANDS
ARE

Bestseller Mysteries

At your newsstand on the 15th
of each month . . . reprints of
the nation's best selling mys-
teries . . . abridged for fast-
paced reading.

25¢



A NEW ONE EVERY MONTH!

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, INC.
570 Lexington Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.

Send me your *Bestseller Mystery* each
month for one year — twelve books.
I enclose \$3.00.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY NO. STATE

AM 10-45

CHECK LIST

THE FREE STATE, by D. W. Brogan. \$2.00. *Knopf*. The author of the excellent *The American Character* here attempts what might be called a primer of the democratic way of life, and succeeds admirably. In three brief chapters he considers the "Case for Freedom," the "Case for Politics" and "Liberty and Arms." He points out that freedom is not a mere word but a very practical thing, indeed, the most practical way of life known to man, and amazingly efficient in war as well as in peace — a fact that the Germans, Italians and Japanese have recently seen amply demonstrated. Dr. Brogan's best chapter deals with the place of the politician in a democracy. He looks upon him as very useful in a free government, and at his best as deserving of the highest praise. "The politician is a bargainer, a man who serves his country best when he finds a day-to-day solution of the competing claims of classes, individuals, experts, amateurs, problems seen to be urgent by all, problems seen to be urgent by few, problems that are real, problems that are fictitious. He is a distributor of priorities, a harmonizer of claims to priorities." A first-rate book, written in the author's usual clear and forceful manner.

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE, by Emery Reves. \$2.00. *Harper*. Mr. Reves, whose *A Democratic Manifesto* will be remembered, here examines the root causes of all major past wars and comes to the conclusion that the "ultimate source of the misery of our age" is "the institution of the sovereign nation-state. Bureaucracy, militarism, war, unemployment, poverty, persecution, oppression . . . are in reality products and effects of the nation-state structure of the world." The San Francisco league is no better than the old League of Nations because it is a federation of nation-states of equal sovereignty; and nation-states always spell war. International wars will end only "with the establishment of universal law," by a union of states like that of the United States of America. Mr. Reves displays vast learn-

ing and commands a trenchant style. His book merits the close attention of every American.

A TEXAN IN ENGLAND, by J. Frank Dobie. \$2.50. *Little, Brown.* Mr. Dobie occupied the professorship in American history at Cambridge University in 1944, and was so favorably impressed with the English way of life that he decided that perhaps there would be point "to add to the books on England." He discourses very pleasantly about English home life, university life, London pubs, English humor, English literature, "Farmers, Fens and Earthworms," "Gardens Under Bombs and Spires," "Coffee in Wales," and "What England Did To Me." Mr. Dobie says, "To find harmony, I have had to flee the stridencies, not the strenuousness, the insincerities and blatantries of much that passes for Americanism. . . . In England I was for the first time in my life really confined to civilization." There is a note of belligerency — and some evidence of too hasty judgment — in the last chapter wherein Mr. Dobie offers these opinions on the comparative values of the English and American ways of life, but that note is absent from the rest of the book, which makes very enjoyable reading.

SO FAR SO GOOD, by Charles Hanson Towne. \$3.00. *Messner.* Mr. Towne was born in Kentucky in 1877, but three years later he was brought to New York City, where he has lived ever since. In the past forty years he has been an eminent figure in the field of magazine editing, having had a hand in the destinies of such periodicals as the *Smart Set*, the *Delineator*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *McClure's*. The writers and actors he has known include nearly all the great of the past half-century — William Dean Howells, John Masfield, Theodore Dreiser, Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, Booth Tarkington. In this book he looks back across the years with frank pleasure, and he manages to transmit that pleasure to the reader.

THEY SEEK A CITY, by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy. \$2.75. *Doubleday, Doran.* There have been four great Negro migrations from South to North in the United States: the first, preceding the Civil War, by way of the Underground Railway; the second, following Emanci-

(Continued on page 511)

The LITERARY BAZAAR

**FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES**

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 26 YEARS

We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. **ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc.**, 280 Madison Ave. at 40th St., New York City.

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O, Box 22

New York 11, N. Y.

GENERAL

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25c. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free.

Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and active market. Announce your first editions, rarities, literary services, stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement costs only \$9.00. Write Dept. LB-10, **THE AMERICAN MERCURY**, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



THIS STANDS FOR HONORABLE SERVICE

Remember . . . the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces

You're Right in the Center of

WHAT'S GOING ON IN NEW YORK

when you stay at The Roosevelt! Theatres, shops and business districts are just a few minutes away... and every comfort is assured by Hilton service.

Rooms with Bath from \$4.50

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

Dean Carpenter, General Manager
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
NEW YORK

OTHER HILTON HOTELS INCLUDE

Chicago: The Stevens

Dayton: The Dayton-Biltmore

Los Angeles: The Town House

C. N. Hilton, President



LANGUAGE IS POWER

... Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, better job in global peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.

MASTER A NEW LANGUAGE

quickly, easily, correctly by

LINGUAPHONE

The world-famous Linguaphone Conversational Method brings voices of native teachers INTO YOUR OWN HOME. You learn the new language by LISTENING. It's amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded.

HOME-STUDY COURSES IN 29 LANGUAGES

Send for FREE book —

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

71 RCA Bldg., New York 20 • Circle 7-0830

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE,

71 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.

Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.

Name.....

Address.....City.....

Language Interested.....



AMY LOVEMAN . . .

Book-of-the-Month Club

"In these days of many engagements, what a boon to have good reading matter in sufficiently brief form to serve to fill in short intervals. ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE has quite won me from a former disinclination to the short detective story by its triumphant evidence to the fact that handled by such masters of the art as it has been able to collect between its covers, the brief mystery tale can be of as absorbing interest as the longer novel."

ELLERY QUEEN'S

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

25¢ a copy • \$1.50 a year

870 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 509)

pation; the third, initiated by the man-power shortages of World War I; and the last, occasioned by the man-power problems of the present war. The authors have done a noteworthy job in searching out the background of these four movements, and the leaders and personalities who played a part in them. Much of the information will be fresh to most readers.

FICTION

THE HAPPY TIME, by Robert Fontaine. \$2.50. *Simon and Schuster*. A collection of semi-fictional sketches, as seen through the eyes of a boy, of Mr. Fontaine's father, mother, three fantastic uncles, and a number of minor relatives and friends, all of whom lived in Ottawa, Canada. Most of them are done with considerable skill, particularly those dealing with the uncles. But the best piece in the book probably is the tale about the Syrian boy. Fontaine's mother didn't like him because he was so "foreign-looking," but young Fontaine was extremely fond of him, and in the end he got his mother to change her mind. This story is told with great pity and profound understanding. On the whole, Mr. Fontaine writes very well, though occasionally he is too consciously charming.

RICKSHAW BOY, by Lau Shaw. \$2.75. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. A simple story that could have happened at any time in any land, this novel recounts the experiences of Happy Boy, the robust country lad of eighteen who goes to seek his fortune in the big city of Peking. The path toward fulfillment of his modest ambitions is fraught with suffering, disappointment and blundering. But laughter, loyalty and love protect Happy Boy as he frees himself from ancient maxims and begins to shape his own life. Evan King, an American who has lived in China for many years, has made a most readable translation from the Chinese.

When Only
The
Finest
Will Do

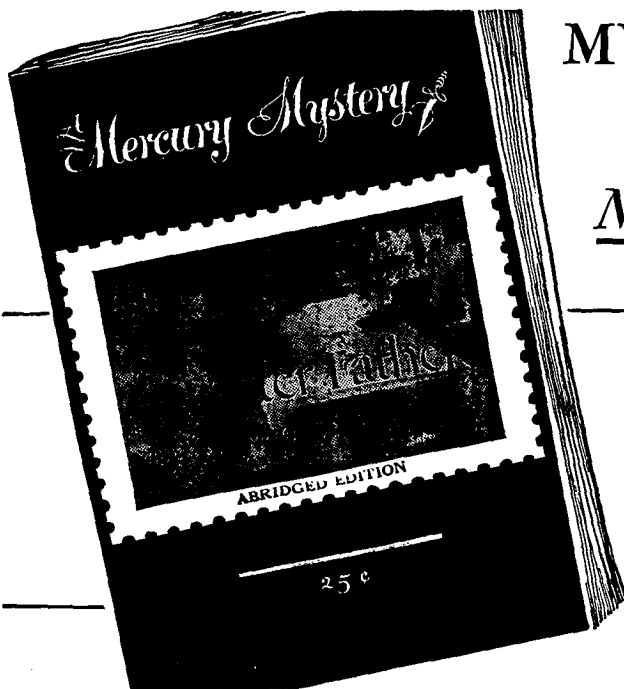
Since
1857



Dunbar's
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKEY

VO. 4 PROUI
Imported by H. HARVEY CO. LTD.
Baltimore, Maryland

Each MERCURY MYSTERY is a MYSTERY- FAN'S MUST...



*Just out—
at all
newsstands*

25¢

● It's *got* to be good to be a Mercury Mystery. Mystery readers know that — so they watch the newsstands for the new Mercury Mystery each month.

The very fact that it was chosen for the Mercury Mystery list guarantees that it's tops — that there's no gamble about its being good. For out of the hundreds of detective stories sub-

mitted to the special board of editors, only one a month is selected as a Mercury Mystery. It may be the work of a leading author of detective stories — or of an author who's on the way to the top. Either way, any mystery that's a Mercury Mystery is a mystery fan's *must*. Sometimes they are reprinted in full but more often they are cut to speed up the story, always, of course, with permission of the author or his publisher.

**A new Mercury Mystery
is on the stands each month**

25¢

A COPY

One of the
Treasures
of time

HARWOOD'S
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 Proof

Sole UNITED STATES Importers
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada
90.4 PROOF
BOTTLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER
THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.

The Master's Choice



KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

Next to the girl of his heart a man delights most in giving his name to his greatest achievement. So it was with the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., when at the peak of his fame as a distiller he hit upon this rare bourbon. As **OLD TAYLOR** it honors his name to this very day — and stands recognized by lovers of fine bourbon as one worthy of being known as **The Master's Choice**.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.,
NEW YORK



*Signed
Sealed and Delicious*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED